

Necromantic Sorcery:

The Forbidden Rites of Death Magick

Dante Abiel
Become A Living God

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Credits

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Dedication

I would like to dedicate this book to those who have helped me during the writing and application of this text: to my best friend and spiritual mentor Eric Archaelus Koetting, who without his aid I would not be who I am today. My apprentice and fellow teacher David Maples, whose dark gifts rival my own; and my lovely wife, Lily Abiel. Who always supported me through my ventures, explorations and experimentations no matter what the cost.

I thank you all from the bottom of my cold, black heart.

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Foreword

by E. A. Hoetting

I didn't like Dante. He was young, cocky, arrogant, acted like he had already seen and done it all. His words would admit to his utter lack of experience, but his tone said otherwise.

Perhaps he was simply too much like me. Perhaps he hadn't done anything to earn it.

I couldn't stand him.

Yet, as we corresponded through writing, I was unable to deny or dismiss the genius, not in his knowledge nor his experience, but in the questions he would ask.

Most people ask me what colors of candles they should use, or what kinds of clothes to wear when summoning demons instead of angels.

Dante was asking me how to go about materializing literal impossibilities in evocation, and wanted to dissect the method of facilitating material transubstantiation.

His keen mind was not just focused on his own goals, though; Dante saw magick as being the underlying cause of *all* action, all movement, and was able to connect this right away to very specific world events.

He was determined to not only utilize my teachings to make *his* life better, but to put into motion

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powers and reactions to those powers that would ultimately change the world as a whole.

Young. Cocky. Arrogant. Way too much like me.

When I suggested that we speak by phone, I already had a proposition in mind.

And I already knew what the answer would be.

When we're talking about Initiation - with a capital "I" - you must give the prospective Initiate a choice: enter into this current, or don't.

The choice has already been made. It was made centuries ago, millennia ago.

As the Initiator, I was not "choosing" this person to become Initiated. I was only responding to the knowledge that the person was to be Initiated.

I had myself been Initiated into the Haitian Vodoun Current by Baron DePrince a few years prior.

I had learned the devotions to the Loa, the Mysteries embodied, the godlike spiritual inhabitants of this world, placed here by the Creators and given full power over this realm.

I had learned the ways to Call them Down, and had made myself a vessel of their knowledge and power.

I had, only a year prior to speaking with Dante, received Asson, as well as received the Secret of Asson.

I was still working the Tree, walking the 32 Steps of the Cross.

I had been named Houngan, and the spirits around me and the spirits within me whispered Dante's name.

On the phone, I extended the invitation. "Do you want to enter the Vodoun Current? I will teach you, I will Initiate you, I will raise you up in my House."

"Are you serious?" Dante's voice shook on the other side of the phone.

"Yes," I replied, steady, solid, already knowing his answer, but needing to fulfill the requirement of a Willed Entrance. "Don't give me your answer now, though," I warned. "Once you say 'yes,' you will be bound in a Pact with the Loa, and with me. You can get out, you can take three steps backwards, but if you do it will be worse for you than if you had never come across this path."

"So, I shouldn't answer you now?" Dante asked, a bit confused, never having confronted these strange customs before.

"No. I will call you in three days, at this time. You can give me your answer then."

No "goodbye," no "take care." The conversation was over.

Three days later, Dante gave me the only answer that he could give me. I Initiated him into the Vodoun Current, and began to upload all of my knowledge into his consciousness.

I was certain that he would fail. I waited daily for his letter of resignation; I waited for the Current to break him.

Few are capable of withstanding the Current for long.

It will change you. It will change everything about you. It will change your life, your perceptions, your relationships. It will change the way you eat, the way you work, the way you make love.

If you can ride the whirlwind of change, though, you'll see that you are not moving farther away from who you are, but closer to it. You will realize that you never were who you thought you were, but that you are something different, something better, something unimaginable.

Most cannot bear the metamorphosis.

Dante rushed headlong into it.

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Perhaps he didn't have enough to live for at that point in his life, or perhaps he never really bought into the value of safety in the first place. Whatever the case, he never asked "why," but only asked "how."

Within weeks, he was evoking, and I was able to verify his evocations.

Weeks more, and he was Soul Traveling.

Seeing the future was just as simple to him as being able to remember the past.

There was a time before the internet. There was a time before text messages and phone calls. There was even a time before the printing press.

In those ancient days, occult knowledge was difficult to obtain, even more difficult than any other knowledge because of its universally forbidden nature.

Unless born into a magickal or an elite family, the aspirant would travel as a vagabond, a drifter, roaming the wastelands and seeking out Magi wherever they were rumored to be.

Even for those born into nobility, the clergy was the only real connection to the acquisition of knowledge. Not necessarily the Catholic clergy, either, but the Babylonians, the Canaanites, Egyptians, and on and on.

Religion's one imperative is to preserve itself at all costs. Anything other is blasphemy, and until recently has been punished by swift and merciless execution.

Regardless of whether the aspirant was a prince or a pauper, the knowledge sought after were the rituals and methods of spirit communication. It was realized from even the earliest days of human spiritual evolution that we are not alone, that we exist alongside forces and intelligences not accessible to the mundane senses, but that though very specific means, the individual could contact them, and could communicate with them, and that through this intercourse the Others could be incited

to either reveal secret knowledge, or to cause significant change.

Once these methods and their perfect execution has been learned, though, the remainder of the enlightenment of the Initiate does not come through the mentor, but instead flows directly from the spirits themselves.

It is as this critical point of initial proficiency that the Initiate must sever for a moment from this world, from society, from family, and especially from his or her mentors, and enter into solitude, where he can be alone with the spirits.

The formula has not changed. Tens of thousands of years later, it has not changed.

The mentor is capable of helping his or her student develop the abilities needed to fully interact with the spirit world. We can teach you how to evoke spirits to visible appearance. We can teach you how to communicate with them precisely and effectively. We can teach you how to leave your body and go into those worlds of spirit. We can help you fine-tune these abilities to Mastery through pathworkings, system-advancements, and insight roles.

But, once this Mastery is obtained, the Initiate must then learn directly from the spirits, from the forces and powers and intelligences that magick opens the doors to.

Dante did this. I released him from his tutelage, and instructed him to go find his own way, to pave his own road.

The spirits took him down a path I never would have suggested.

It has always been my experience that you become very much like that with which you surround yourself. If

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you are amongst the wealthy and affluent for a majority of your time, you will develop the habits and the disciplines, and even the personality traits of the wealthy. If you spend a good amount of your time around the healthy, fit, and beautiful, you will find yourself becoming more healthy, more fit, and more beautiful.

If you surround yourself with demons, you will become darker, more withdrawn, pulled deeper within the layers of reality than most care to go.

If you surround yourself with the dead, you will become atrophied. Your affairs will deteriorate, your mind will fragment, and your body will decay.

Insanity came first for Dante.

I have witnessed it myself, an inability to place himself in space and time; fugues of speaking seeming nonsense which would often turn out to be prophetic, but scrambled through speech in such a way that none could make out the meaning of it; he would even lapse out entirely, nothing but a black unrecognizable intelligence apparent in his eyes.

He would leave his home, walk entranced to the nearest graveyard, only to return covered in blood and unable to account for sometimes days of missing time, in shock and confused.

While as his friend I should have been concerned about him, as his mentor, and as a Vodoun Initiate myself - at that point being more deeply Initiated than I can openly speak of - I knew that what he was going through was normal. Not normal by any regular person's standards, but normal by the standards of one who has seen far more than any human is capable of seeing.

He was a constant vehicle for the Loa that he worked with, and for the dead. His wife and children have begged him to stop, begged him to leave the dead alone, if not for his own sake, then for theirs. He refused. He was ready to put all of his chips on black.

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It is possible that he both won and lost on the same bet.

Death has given him power and insights that others simply do not have access to. Daily, Dante walks in the world of the dead, and they do his bidding.

The dead have now started to claim his body, his spinal disks eroding, death creeping into his organs, decay infesting his tissue.

They will not kill him. Perhaps they cannot kill him.

Whether he lives longer than any of us, or whether he dies tomorrow, it is certain that Necromancy has taken his life.

If anyone has the ability to rise from the dead and from hell itself, though, Dante would be his name. I do hope that once this book is released, that my dear friend, my one-time apprentice will pull himself out of the grave.

I fear, though, that the power that it offers is too sweet for him to pull away from, for it does tempt with fruit of knowledge and power that is otherwise unattainable.

The rituals in this book are real. They do work. The problem is that they work too well.

"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

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Introduction: My Initiation

After the completion of this book, I look back at all I have learned within my time digging into the Abyss. Sure, I had realizations in my own life. I have helped and destroyed many in my path of understanding. I do not feel guilt or regret, simply acknowledgement from the spirits. This moment my life is guided toward better understanding of myself; as the self is the True Universe.

I find myself reflecting back to my beginning of my ascension. I was so determined to understand everything. A fire burned within my soul. Often the flames overcame everyone and everything around me. I sacrificed everything for the sake of grander knowledge.

After all, we only live this very existence once.
Don't we?

There wasn't a book on the occult I didn't read. I studied every grimoire I could grab. At first it was a form of rebellion against the antagonizing church, but the power of it swallowed my fascination.

Before long, imagination and fantasy become reality. I swam against the stronger currents, always

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challenging my inner-self. At the time I couldn't care about results or consequences; it was about the rush. I knew my rituals would bring results, of that I needed no persuasion.

In time I grew in strength. I formed allegiances with the friends I knew.

We studied and performed evocation together. For some reason I was always to lead the rest, and steered toward demonic contact.

The experiences were minor at first, but they became intense over time and persistent practice.

This was the beginning formation of my first esoteric order, The Ordo Templi Noctis, abbreviated as the OTN.

We banded into groups and studied forms of magick together and apart. I was instructed to contact an ancient entity to help us establish our order.

I found one who particularly intrigued me. *He* lies on the bridge of the Astral and Mental Planes.

Though his nature is calm and filled with peace he was quite enthusiastic in aiding me to help establish the Ordo Templi Noctis.

His exact words were, "You all seek the true purpose. I shall assist you in your cause. So will others." With the blink of an eye, I returned to my bedroom sweating as if I performed extreme cardio exercises, and so the OTN was born.

It was through this order that I searched for the Ordo Ascensum Aeternalis, The Order of Eternal Ascent, a magickal order created and maintained by E.A. Koetting, occult author, spiritual mentor, and "Grand Emissary of the Eighteen Flames."

When I applied I was originally turned away, with no reason given other than that I didn't fit the criteria.

My Initiation

I was confused. I felt like I had met all of the requirements for membership. More than that, though, something was pulling me towards the O.A.A., towards the teachings of Koetting.

I replied to my rejection, demanding a better explanation as to why I wasn't accepted. If I needed to work on certain things, I could do that. If I needed to develop certain skills, I would. I just needed to know what those were.

The person acting as the Outer Representative of the Ordo Ascensum Aetyrnalis forwarded my emails to E.A. Koetting personally, and in short time, he contacted me. While initially he was kind enough to give me a few suggestions, referring me to different resources, he soon admitted that he was impressed not by the knowledge that I had, or even the power that I had, but by the questions that I would ask, and the observations that I would make.

After several email exchanges, he asked if he could call me on the phone. I agreed, and we ended up speaking for nearly two hours. He revealed several things to me in that conversation, and guided me through some internal meditations, imaginative operations, and arcane visualizations, all of which triggered something in me that I can only think to call a "thunderbolt." It was as if Koetting had flipped a switch that brought to life everything I had hoped to achieve.

Before that conversation was finished, he gave me some exercises, some disciplines to engage in, and asked me to report back to him when they were done, and he would give me some more.

Within months, he started calling me his "apprentice." Within a year, he had initiated me into Haitian Vodoun, Congo-Zandor Sorcery, as well as various more western magickal currents. After two years of mentoring under Koetting, he released me of the

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Apprentice Pact, I had mastered everything he could teach me through that relationship, and that my next stage had to be completed without his guidance.

What I could not ignore was a persisting itch within the cracks of my conscious mind.

Is it I who jumps into the pit willingly?

Did I slip from falling into sin?

Or, perhaps the greater question: was my true destiny to stand against my own fate?

I faced circumstances and was given opportunities that others were not. I was guided toward evolution, and I still press forward.

How am I to know whether I have chosen this fate or was it chosen for me?

At times when I evoke entities, I find myself being called. Is it they who have summoned me or I them?

Within time I found myself experiencing a new form of magickal ascension: The Calling. This is where the magician becomes so known among the Astral they begin to reach out to him or her. I felt my inner serpents become a beacon attracting other spirits both for ascent and destruction of my own being.

I found myself wanting more.

The Life and Death sides of the Tree were not enough. I wanted to know the Tree's entirety. I was able to travel up Malkuth to Kether through Da'ath and back to the start, but I knew this was not the end. I was lacking. Lacking perhaps the strongest parts of the Great Tree, His Roots.

It is within the Roots the secrets of Life, Death and Rebirth are given to the Dark Traveler. I needed access. Where was this entrance? I had no connections to the other side. My Spiritual Intelligence told me I needed to

have a door or connection to gain access into the hidden gates, but I had no door.

I didn't want some simple entity to grant me access. The true experience of death having an impact on me so hard it demanded my attention, was what I wanted. Something so devastating I couldn't ignore death's cold hand. By this time I was completely obsessed with my Occult practices. There wasn't anything I wouldn't give up, or was there?

It wasn't long after my complete focus shifted from western occultism to general necromancy, I received a phone call from my mother. From the start of the conversation I knew something was wrong, for my mother and I have never had a positive relationship.

Nervously, I said, "Hello."

"Baby is that you?"

"Yeah, mom. It's me. You okay? Do you need money?" That was the only reason I could imagine her calling me.

"No, sweetheart," her voice cracked. "Daddy just died. He died in the morning. I'm so sorry baby."

My vision blurred and my mental capacity broke, along with everything in the house.

I threw everything in sight. Swinging wildly, I did a crow hop across the room, and punched the hard wall, breaking my right hand.

Much of that day and the funeral is a blank.

My father and I had an intense relationship. He was more of my mentor than a father, allowing me to make my own decisions. Often it caused me to face my consequences alone without him in my corner. At the time he was my only attachment I had to this physical world.

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To lose that connection was beyond bearable. It was devastating. Perhaps what was most unbearable was I knew of his illness. I was too caught up in bringing power to myself and expanded a foundation of a kingdom, I forgot the one who was the closest to the last section of my beating heart. To know you have the power to save a loved one but decide personal agenda is far more important is enough to make the strongest black magician quake.

This is the final tie the magician will have to this world, and any others gained after this moment are simply attachments, who are expendable. However, that final moment of the magician's spiritual heart stopping is never ■ pretty sight. A flight of emotions both rational and irrational collaborate into one being. His energy crashes like a hurricane over a small island. My fall was not elegant in the least. I sought for a tie strong enough to drag me to its end, and sure enough it came.

During my father's funeral, I kept calm. Some were daring enough to even call me cold.

It was the moment I returned home and my wife took the children to see their grandmother, *it* happened.

I broke, snapped and fell to the ground. I sobbed for what felt like an eternity. "How could I let this happen?" I said to myself.

I had the power, but never once thought of helping him.

My emotions exploded.

I screamed and yelled.

I demanded to know why this occurred. How dare this transgression occur in ■ universe I created.

The Black Magician's Mentality burned within me.

The more I recalled the stronger the black flame that surrounded my aura grew.

My Initiation

I screamed, "No! I will say when he can go. How dare death come to me and expect me to allow it to prey on my family, My Virgil!"

Though I didn't know much on Reanimation of the human soul, I was determined to find my father and say my farewells. If I couldn't bring him back, I would at least get to say goodbye the way I intended and also prove death can be concurred solely by the Black Magician without assistance.

With tears running down my face and snot dripping from my nose, I ran to my bedroom.

I grabbed an old white shirt my father gave to me with his scent within the stitching of the fabric.

I flew down the hallway steps and headed for the basement which housed my ritual area.

I gathered all the necessary implements necessary to bring the form of my father into existence: Abramelin Oil, Acacia Flower, sulfur, graveyard dirt, incense, a belonging and hair of the deceased and the final most important ingredient the deceased blood. Not having his direct blood I used a combination of his bodily ashes and my own blood.

I took chalk and traced out the protective Solomon's Circle to the last detail. I drew out the triangle next. I wanted to make sure I was as protected as possible. My experience up to this point was on demons, angels and intelligences, but never the dead.

I was foolish, foolish to think the dead would act as other intelligences do. I was arrogant. It wasn't my will to contact them, but their will who called me. My pride, who I thought gave me power, became my downfall. My soul was burning with anger and desire. Desire to overcome death with life; those who were awaiting on the other side of the door eagerly awaited the ritual. I was unprepared and imbalanced. My focus was completely lost.

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I faced west were the triangle laid. I lit the incense, which was a combination of the oils, flowers, frank incense and myrrh, ripped cloth of the shirt, ashes of his body and blood sliced from my left hand. The smoke began to rise and I forced myself down into a low meditation. I raised my hands above my head to form a triangle.

With blood rushing down my arms, my muscles starting to tingle like a million little pinpricks, I chanted: "Father. Earthly father I call you. Come to me now. I pull you from your new state back to me. Form your manifestation within the triangle. Come now I demand thee."

The three black candles that were at the corners of the triangle exploded, the melted wax dripping over the corners of the chalk outlines.

Still I called and pleaded. The stench of death filled the air. Cold winds blew, making the temperature drop quickly.

Howling filled the stiffness that blew across the ritual area.

From nowhere, there was a flash of light, like a microscopic sun had just gone supernova in front of my face.

I lost my vision for a few moments.

Once I regained focus, I peered into the triangle. There lied the image of my late father, but he was different. I recognized some of his features, but there was an eerier period of age placed upon his face, like he was dead for centuries even though only weeks passed.

Astral chains rose from the cursed ground and formed where the triangle's points were, each latching onto the summoned spirit of my father.

With his wrists and neck bound, his eyes turned toward me. I attempted to keep myself within the

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necessary god state, struggling to maintain the detached rapture, but failed.

I was overjoyed to see him again, even in such a state.

I couldn't help but wanting to leap from the circle into his arms, but before I could he screamed in pain, "Let me go. Send me away. I do not belong here. Please."

I was confused. Did my father not recognize his own son?

I pleaded with the spirit, "Father, it's me, Dante. I wanted to say goodbye to you properly, but I never had the chance."

His look of confusion and pain told me everything I needed to know.

This was a fight I was going to lose.

Yes, in part this was my father, but the part I sought had already moved on and I didn't possess the power to access that layer of reality.

I realized, even in life I was in the palm of death's grip.

My attention slipped, and I learned my second lesson when dealing with the dead, when you are dominating your power over them.

The winds shifted again. The chains that held him in capture shattered.

My ghostly father stood on his feet and his expression transformed from pain to pleasure.

It had me.

The spirit had read not only my personal thoughts, but it was also a part of the very person that I was attempting to summon. It was both my father, and at the same time something else entirely.

"You think your father cared for you? Do you honestly believe you are worthy of looking into Death's Window? You're weak. Death is inevitable. Soon you will

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join your father's miserable existence. Pain. So much Pain."

Even through my joy and my sorrow and my swirling emotions, I recognized that this was the hallmark of an intelligence, a spirit, a foul demon, attempting to gain control of an evocation or ritual.

I must admit this was perhaps one of the hardest experiences I had to endure. Here lied the shade of what my father once was. His appearance was the same. His aura matched; even his memories were accurate, but I knew better.

I returned to the rapture and allowed the spirit of my higher-self take control.

I stood and spoke, "Father, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I couldn't bring you back to see me once again."

I lifted my face to stare into the being's eyes, and I recited the exorcism given to me by the inspiration of the moment, which is later mentioned in this book.

I left the ritual with many questions and few concrete answers. But I was developing some very interesting theories.

In the end we all have different questions about the dead and how they operate but we arrive to the same answers.

How can I, who have stood in the presence of countless dead, say I even remotely understand the grand picture?

I cannot, but what I can suggest is that you rival in your personal power. Push past any of your personal limitations.

Do not take this information as truth, as canon scripture, but apply the applications given to me by the Spirits who guide; who demand.

Once your reality has been peeled off your skinless corpse, you may just get a glimpse of the truth:

My Initiation

*The dead do not walk amongst us, but rather, we
walk amongst the dead.*

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Chapter One: Theory and Practice

Necromancy is defined in *Webster's Dictionary* as "the conjuration of the spirits of the dead for purposes of magically revealing the future or influencing the course of events."

The application of this goes much deeper, and reveals an inborn insanity in the Necromancer. This insanity manifests within the Necromancer's dreams and aspirations, most clearly seen in the induced state of supreme consciousness, connecting the living with the undead.

Madness is the beginning and it is the end each serious practitioner must face. It seems that this state of consciousness grabs hold of the stable mind, and it becomes a driving vessel toward a glorious and devious end.

I too succumbed to death's will. It was only within five years of spiritual training I was reborn into the undead current.

Fate left me no other option.

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This Supreme Condition, a perfect unity with we who live and those who have passed, circulate the memories and spirits who may be bound to the Sorcerer.

Within time, the future Necromancer will be able to not only push himself out of his own mind but into the purest, darkest crevice of his own subconscious, becoming ever trapped within the Circle of Deceit and Abyss.

For nothing impacts the Human Condition more so than persistent contact with those who have moved onto a different state of energy and matter; and becoming reborn as the dead who travel the life gates.

As Einstein stated, and Noether's theorem echoed - which was able to detect it mathematically - nothing is ever created nor destroyed, just simply passed on or transfigured.

However it is this metaphysical transformation that exceeds basic human comprehension, therefore it is imperative to allow oneself into a state of temporary madness to induce a transition of human mentality to that of the Dead and their world, for the two ought never mix together.

As time progresses, however, the madness is not so easily shaken.

The human being is the supreme condition, housing all divinity within its core. When someone dies, the energy that was housed by the vessel explodes. It sends a massive wave or force throughout the universe, similar to dropping a stone in a pond.

The force creates an eternal echo. Having supreme divinity, the soul is not destroyed but separated. It is this separation that travels eternally, caught in a singular lope of transference.

Theory and Practice

All of this happens to just one human life, superseding its glory into an eternal current. This is where all knowledge and power of the dead is kept.

The true necromancer will find a "door" or gateway into this current.

He will acknowledge this current and swim in its abyss. There will always be a bridge connecting the dead and the living, however not many travel this bridge.

The fear of never coming back to their precious life stops most magicians. Death is inevitable.

Once you accept this you can come one step closer to embracing it, and one leap into controlling your Universal Time Clock, which is the supposed predetermined time the universe gives each life.

Without a map or even the slightest hint to begin your journey, you will surely fail.

As a whole, the dead are unforgiving, and care not for the tedious troubles of the living, but it is the knowledge they carry that the necromancer is chasing. The dead have passed onto another plane of existence, and they carry secrets the living can't comprehend.

The dead, then, are guardians of the Mystery.

With the knowledge of the necromancer he will purge the information from the spirits through the alignment of his soul with the current the dead travel.

In theory, he will find the death current and not only travel it but become it. The alignment of your soul with the dead and their Gods to descend up and down the Tree of Life, Death and Rebirth I have coined Saturnian Necromancy.

Saturnian Necromancy will aid the everyday magician into something that will transfigure not only his body but his very soul as well. With this form of necromancy you will be able to travel into any gate you

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desire, even outside of necromancy, for this is the true secret.

There are no doors or gates the dead cannot open themselves. They simply lack the desire, because they lack the life force, the completion of them and their vessel.

Practicing necromancy is deemed unacceptable in the eyes of society to say the least.

In the eyes of the Black Magician it is seen as a gateway into personal power. A force that will lend him infinite potential into possibilities which would otherwise be impossible.

Saturnian Necromancy forsakes society, and the Necromancer must forfeit his connection to society, at least as it formerly was .

Practitioners of it care not for society's views. To better clarify my point, Saturnian Necromancy allows the practitioner to enter any door or gateway: dead, living or undead; it simply does not matter.

It uses the power of the dead, be it body part or pieces of the soul, to achieve personal Descent and the Ascent. Nothing is out of reach for the Saturnian Necromancer. It will allow the necromancer one choice at the time he meets his inevitable end, to pass on as others do or reform his mass to continue on as he always had.

This is the true Transmigratory Experience, nevertheless physical death must come before the Saturnian Necromancer can lay hold on the Philosopher's Stone of Immortality.

There are only three cardinal rules to Saturnian Necromancy:

Theory and Practice

1. Alignment of the self with the dead. Feel as they feel. They suffer eternally. There is much pain within the current of the dead.
2. Alignment with Saturn by usage of the Dead to access any gate to any form of magick or culture
3. Alignment of the Higher-Self with the acts of Saturnian Necromancy. To do so, you must follow the doors of Saturn.

Saturn is the planetary body of hidden consciousness. The secret to Saturn is that it houses all secrets! Therefore, to connect with it we must align ourselves with its power.

The Spirits of the Dead carry the knowledge of alignment of Saturn. Through the dead we will get access into Saturn, and with Saturn we will be granted all knowledge on spiritual consciousness. Lastly, we must personalize everything we do within Saturnian Necromancy.

Although I give precise instructions on establishing the connection with the dead and Saturn, it is vital you personalize your workings. Doing so will connect your higher-self with the gates you will be opening. This simple operation will act as a catalyst and slingshot the practitioner forward in his personal journey.

Saturnian Necromancy knows no bounds. It is not limited in any form. If at any point you find yourself stuck in ascension, retrace your steps, and you will find that the limitation is most often yourself unwilling to continue.

When approaching any new field of study, the key to understanding the subject clearly is Subjective

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Imagination. This is to have the ability to throw away any biases you may personally have. You will have to place yourself in the driving seat and drive the road without concern of its final destination. Your exercise for this chapter will be a battle of logic, for the ability, subjective imagination, is not easily obtained.

As a magician you will need to develop the ability to battle and conquer any who block you, including yourself. For some, the information in this book will appear to be farfetched, however if you approach the material that is given, all doubt will be shattered like the soul reaching its inevitable end.

The promising necromancer will need to master all of this material, not just the procedures and actions necessary to perform magickal acts, but also read between the lines. See the writing as a tome, a guide into the underworld's hidden currents.

Chapter Two: Human Ritual Relics

After Death had grabbed me by my Achilles heel I was wounded far beyond repair. Though I was able to gain control of the ritual it was a battle that produced no champion. The body lying on the floor accepting the harsh lesson was far from elegant. What was remaining was a mere remnant of who I once was. All the discipline I placed into my ascent was torn apart and scattered.

A shadow remained in place of myself, a rough reflection of who I used to be. With my body on the floor I gave out one final breath, and thus my body gave up the ghost.

Within the final moments of my life I saw it, the current that all dead travel and remain therein.

It was beautiful, a universe of darkness. The void carried within it all the shades and shadows of every living thing. It flowed as a still river, giving of small speckles of purple light. It was the life force, the secret twilight, of the dead. My final destination, the result of an arrogant magician who couldn't withstand a simple summoning ritual of the dead.

I remember seeing the current and all of its magnificent brilliance from afar.

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My spiritual body descending toward its conclusion. I knew I wasn't going to be able to return to my body, and so I decided to embrace my destiny.

I accepted death not as an ally but as my new transformation.

Then it happened.

The current I saw from so far away became one with me and I with it. My body separated into the current, and I knew all the knowledge of the dead.

I lost all thought and will.

I became those we abuse to manifest outcomes of a magician's future. I dwelled in all the devious glory of the dead. Time had no place in this world. I became the crossroads of the living and the dead.

All of a sudden, the still waters formed a massive funnel of energy, and I found form again. The lights gathered in the center to meet me, giving me one final vision. A tunnel formed of beautiful purple and blue, and spiritual reality became loosely physical.

I began to walk the tunnel, and as I did the concrete behind me dissipated, leaving a silhouette of the tunnel's outline.

I willed myself forward, just as I had done in my soul travels.

I pushed my core further down the long hall, and a jolt of electricity ran up my back to the base of my skull and back down my spine.

I heard sound and felt my senses slowly returning to me. I was confused.

I asked myself how I could feel anything. I was in the current for what felt like an eternity.

My eyes opened and there was a burning sensation throughout my whole body. My lungs took air like it was the first time, and my heart slammed against my chest.

I gathered enough energy to bring myself to my knees.

Emotions flooded my mind, but the strongest was loneliness. I lived within the current too long, and I missed its presence. Just like the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, I crossed the waters of death and became a hero in my own right.

It took a few moments to fully grasp the situation. I couldn't remember where I was or why.

Just like a bad trip on dimethyltryptamine, my identity appeared to be lost. I looked around the room for clues. I observed the ritual area, focusing my thought on the circle and finally the triangle.

With time and keen observation I was able to piece together who I was and what had happened.

When I came to understand what had occurred, I felt suspended in lack of animation. I remembered sending the spirit back from whence it came and the rapture of the evocation pulling me down to the floor, and then the visions came.

I had more questions than I did answers. What really happened? Where did I go? How was I able to return?

What is this internal, psychological itch of needing to be with the dead again?

Completely exhausted I stood to my feet.

I needed rest. My body, mind and spirit were stretched far too thin.

I gathered all the implements and tools used in the ritual, and placed them into a sack for transport, however something was missing.

My ritual dagger.

I looked into the triangle again, and there it was standing up with the point stuck into the dirt floor.

I became mesmerized by the ritual implement. The golden glow it had from continuous evocations had disappeared.

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Instead there was a mix of indigo and violet wrapped around the blade. Its very aura had changed.

There was a vortex before me, like a star combusting on itself. It occurred to me I have seen this power in my visions. This was the current incarnate.

Death's void traveled back with me and took hold of my ritual tool, altering it from the inside out.

What was this new transformation the blade had taken? The power that emanated from it was painful to perceive with the physical eyes.

Tears formed and my vision blurred. My inner vision was still able to see the blade clearly. There was a black hole directly above where the blade and the hilt met.

I wiped the tears away and grabbed the knife with my left hand. A shock was sent down my arm to the base of my spine. I knew the transformation had changed the knife but to what extent? How could I know exactly what had happened? There was no direct entity who guided the knife into its transcendence.

I took up the sack and went to my bedroom for some rest. After three days of recovery I started to think about exactly what happened.

What I found interesting was my recalling of this ritual and everything in it was completely clear; unlike basic evocations where your memory fogs over and any memory appears as a dream, my vision was crystal clear.

As I was recalling the events I remembered my ritual dagger had taken on a new "persona," no longer acting as means of passing my omnipotence through instead it was a gate, a gate for which I searched every grimoire I could.

I read for weeks attempting to explain how this transformation occurred, and what could be done about it.

Human Ritual Relics

For a short period of time I fought against this transformation. I could never get it to revert to its original form. Again I was defeated by death, and just as before I gave into it.

Determined to possess this revelation, I traveled to a cemetery to receive answers from the dead spirits on what exactly happened to me and to my ritual tool.

I walked to the center of the cemetery and sat down. I pulled the knife out of my bag which I had wrapped in black cloth.

I focused on my breath and allowed all tension to leave me. I sensed the dead around me.

I quickly gained their interest.

I pulled myself into a Gnostic trance.

Immediately I was forced out of my body, only to view the spectacle of the dead possessing my body.

I saw a whirlwind of shadows of grey, black and red circulate around my body.

One spirit passed right through my physical self, and then another and another.

Soon, the entire cemetery passed through my core.

The swirling of energies stopped, and every spirit who passed through my body stayed.

Using my body, my mind, and my mouth, They spoke, "Hello brother. We have been watching you closely. Did you enjoy our show? How was it to meet you dead, earthly father?"

Intimidation set within me, however this was fleeting. I responded, "Show me the path. Show me the truth."

"The truth? You all ask for the truth. What would you do with it?"

"Please, just tell me. I need to know. Show me everything. You were able to bring me into submission. Show me how to wield your power that I may use it."

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"If you wish to know, we will show you, however it is only through submission you may rise to power. Before you are a king you must learn how to serve. Serve us. Serve yourself."

"What has happened to my ritual dagger?" I asked. "How do I use its new power?"

The air fell silent.

When the spirits spoke next, it sounded as if they were all speaking at once. They were legion. They brought death within my own body, and spoke in a language I could not understand and yet I knew what was being said.

"Your tool is now a relic of the dead. It surpasses any tool you have used. It carries the actual essence of death. Use it as you will. Continue to search for us, and your subconscious will allow the translation of your experience to claim down Jacob's Ladder into your conscious mind. Seek us, and we will find you."

Instantly, I was snapped back into my body.

I grabbed the notebook out of my backpack and wrote everything down. I knew their words had to be recorded. I understand now that the dead only speak when there is something that is worth speaking of.

I gathered my stuff and headed home to learn.

I learned in only two days that the transformation of my ritual dagger was not only permanent but also a gift. It allowed me direct access into the current of the dead. It was this realization that led me to believe that not only the necromancer, but every magician would be able to transform their tools into Relics.

To the practicing necromancer all items he uses are considered important. However, there are a select few that meet the requirements of Ritual Relics, which are ritual tools that have gained tremendous amounts of power through an intense ritual of transcendence.

Human Ritual Relics

An example of such a relic would be a human skull, femur, ritual dagger or altar.

All of these tools are specially consecrated and set aside for further usage.

Often, ritual relics will stay with the sorcerer throughout his life.

Although, Ritual Implements are to be cast away once they have completely fulfilled their need, there is an opportunity to be had.

Ritual Tools or Implements gather needed cosmic energies. However, the difference between a Ritual Tool and a Ritual Relic is quite vast.

Ritual Relics vary from Ritual Tools in one key aspect. The tangible force held within the ritual relics trumps any regular tool; Necromantic Ritual Relics have a slight edge. Not only do they gather the necessary energies for the valued ritual, the relics are also able to channel energies, becoming a continuous gateway and channeling either an entity or specific power, connecting the necromancer to his subconscious mind with every ritual performed.

They become the vortex of the Crossroads.

Below is a brief list of Ritual Relics the Saturnian Necromancer will have, along with a short explanation on how to transform the tools into the status of relics.

Each of them will stay with him or her through most of their journey:

The Altar

The physical construction of the altar will vary from practitioner to practitioner. However, the two basic constructs are a natural slab of flat stone.

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Obsidian is best due to its inherent nature and volcanic properties, however any large, flat stone will work just fine, or an altar made out of hazel or oak wood.

Hazel wood allows vibrations to gather, amplify and pass through purely.

Oak wood performs vitally the same way, but hazel is preferred.

This is the divine bridge between the Saturnian Necromancer and the spirits of the dead.

The altar acts as the primary medium. Here the dead and the living will exist together, removing the thin veil that blocks the dead from crossing over to our side.

Before you can use the altar and open a permanent gateway to the dead, who forever watch us with their eternal eyes, the altar must go through a purification period. This purification will consist of three stages: Death, Burial and Resurrection.

Each stage is essential for proper development, and you must not skip over any step.

Death

1. Once you have determined whether you will use stone or wood you will need to gather several other tools. Some tools will vary as the death stage is intense enough to physically burn you. If you have chosen a stone altar, be sure to pick a large, flat stone that will be able to handle extremely high temperatures; a wooden altar only needs to be thick enough not to snap, when under high temperatures.

If during the process of the death stage your altar cracks or breaks, it is still worth using. The

damage to the altar symbolizes that anything touched by death will be forever marked.

You will need pure rum. Rum is a drink used for offerings to the dead and is a great burning agent.

You'll also need four large, black and purple candles,

2. Take all the implements to the middle of a cemetery of your choosing, and find a crossroad near it. You need not worry about cemetery consecration just yet. You are still in the process of becoming known to the dead. The consecration is to learn the hidden secrets of the dead.
3. Light the four black candles and place them in the cardinal directions. Light the four purple candles and place them in the "off-point"
4. Place the altar in the middle of the candles. Pour the rum in a circle outside of the candles and all over the altar, pleading to the dead to destroy the physical object, so it may be used to tear down the veil that separates life and death. Say, "Spirits of the dead I call you on this night. I call you to intercede on my behalf. Plead to the Lords of the Dead, so that I may walk with you. Come now I ask." Sense the spirits of the dead surrounding you. Feel their claws digging deep into your flesh. You will not be able to fight them. Instead give into them. Feel them rush through you. Then, light circle and altar on fire.
5. Do not rush to put the fire out. Standing inside the circle, peer with your inner vision into the fire.

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Sense the destruction of the object. You may even see images, faces, etc., within the flames. When you sense the death of the altar, smother the flames with a flame retardant blanket.

Burial

1. When you have sensed the death of the altar, you will begin the burial process by directing the dead who have come into your vessel into the dead altar. Have them fill the altar with their essence and transform the dead implement into a relic with eternal life.
2. Say, "Brothers and Sisters of the Damned take hold of this object. Possess it. Fill it with your pain, lust and desires. Bring to me a Ritual Relic powerful enough to make all of life quake."
3. Wrap the altar with the black cloth, and then wrap the altar with the purple cloth, the color of the dead.
4. Dig a hole three to six feet deep. Place the altar inside of the hole, and sprinkle the rum all over the inside of the hole and on the altar.

Resurrection

1. Return the grave site on the following new moon to retrieve your altar. Bring with you three silver coins and rum as an offering to the dead.

Human Ritual Relics

2. Sit on top of the grave site. Bring yourself into a deep meditation and call the dead to rise from their graves. Feel the altar below you vibrating with a new power. Let this power rise through its grave. Connect your aura with the power of the altar by envisioning the connection of yourself and the new ritual relic.
3. Say, "Spirits, brothers and sisters of the dead, I call you now to carry the altar out of its death, and grant it life through the twilight of the void. Connect me to it, so I may be connected to the dead at all times."
4. Unearth the altar and thank the dead for what has been done. Place the coins in the crypt and fill the hole with the rum. Now replace the dirt, and thank the spirits for their assistance.

Human Skull

The human skull houses the body's god-self. This is often referred to as the "big head."

There are a number of rituals that can be performed by the necromancer. It is best to use this as a divination device. Call the spirit of your choosing and have it possess the skull. In time the skull will reform the sinews and skin fibers of the possessor. It will benefit you greatly if you can saw the top of the skull off cleanly. This will allow you to fill the skull with wine, rum, blood or any other offering. Reconnecting the top of the skull will seal the offering inside of the head.

Later in this book you will read how to obtain the skull using ritual format.

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After performing several working with the skull and have had many spirits possess the skull, including the original owner, you may turn this simple ritual tool into a powerful relic.

After it has been transformed into a relic it will be able to channel any spirit of the dead, including the Lord of the Dead.

1. Take a skull you have used in ritual to the cemetery of your choosing with one red and one purple cloth, rum and a flame retardant blanket.
2. Proceed to the cemetery three days before the full moon.
3. Soak the skull in rum. If you have cut the skull in half, you will only have to pour the rum inside of the skull. Set the skull on fire and peer into
4. Call the dead spirit who use to own the skull up first. Ask that he or she open the doors for other spirits to possess the skull permanently.
5. Feel the shades and shadows of the dead take the skull as their own. Then smother the flames.
6. Wrap the skull in a red cloth then the purple cloth. Dig a hole just deep enough to place the skull into the hole. Soak the cloth in rum. Thank the spirits. Return on the following full moon to obtain your new relic. Take note that this is far superior in strength than just having a skull. This opens a permanent door for channeling any dead spirit. Also if you are using the laws of Saturnian Necromancy, you will be able to channel any spirit of your desire into the skull for the purpose of

divination, and you will be able to capture any spirit as well.

7. Leave the bottle of rum and silver coins as a tribute for the dead spirits.

Femur

The Femur relic is generally hollowed out and made into a trumpet. This often requires much practice. Producing sounds through this relic will call the dead from the four winds. The necromancer then disperses the spirits how he sees fit. If you wish to hollow out the femur, be sure to practice using a bone similar in structure.

The femur is also used as a type of drum stick for rituals requiring shamanic or tribal drumming.

The process of consecration follows that of the skull and the altar. You will notice the procedure of turning a ritual item into a relic requires the tool to go through the three stages of Death, Burial and Resurrection.

This same method can be used to turn any ritual tool into a relic. The power of the death stages allows the item to be completely stripped of its foundation.

The burial stage creates a new foundation and portal for channeling. The resurrection stage connects the Saturnian Necromancer with the relic, the final stage of passage.

Kundalini Speaks Through Divination

The vertebrae house extremely potent energies of Kundalini. When plucked from a dead body, the spirit of Kundalini still lives within the bones, however it has transformed.

No longer does the twin serpent travel and support the life of its owner, because of this it turns its natural path turns upside down and backwards.

The chakras no longer need the life force, so they now spin counterclockwise.

The necromancer will take this opportunity to gather the vertebrae and turn them into divination relics, painting them black for better representation of its current state.

There is a method of divination that connects the medium with the dead Kundalini. Through this the necromancer can find any information he or she desires on the person the vertebrae belonged to. This is often employed to find the location lost or hidden treasure of which the deceased knew, for even in death your secrets can be made known unto the living.

Just as the dead can spy on us we can do the same.

Vertebrae

1. Gather three vertebrae and five other assorted bones fresh from the grave.
2. Paint the vertebrae black and the assorted bones red. Place them inside a bag made from the skin of

a black rooster, having been sacrificed to Death itself.

3. Enter a light meditation, holding the bag firmly. Focus your attention on the dead kundalini who possesses the the vertebrae while simultaneously concentrating on spirit who passed.
4. Dwell on your question, and then cast the bones on a violet cloth. Allow your vision to blur and open. The Dead Serpent will rise and guide you to the lost treasure or items. Keep in mind that "lost treasures" does not necessary mean physical wealth only.

Organs and Other Useful Body Parts

Each vital organ carries power. The power that comes from the organ will vary on the organ used.

There are five organ most often used within Saturnian Necromancy:

1. Brain
2. Heart
3. Liver
4. Kidneys
5. Skin

Skin was and is often used for paper and special bindings of ancient necromantic grimoires.

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The brain can be a powerful ritual implement. Consuming various sections of it will give the practitioner the knowledge that was housed therein.

Consuming the heart will give the practitioner all the power gained in that person's life.

Consuming the liver or kidneys will give the necromancer vitality. It is said actual years of life can be added onto your own lifespan.

Ritualistic consumption of any organ will give the practitioner vast amounts of power and knowledge, however the most common usage of the organs above were used for another type of necromancy practiced for millennia.

Priests of old would charge an animal with the power of divination then cut the sacrifice open to allow the organs to be spilled onto the floor.

The arrangement of the organs would allow the seer to see any event of his choosing.

Fetish Links: The Meditation of the Old Crone

It didn't take long for me to grasp the concept of Ritual Relics. In fact, I began experimenting with them shortly after my meeting of the shades in the cemetery.

I was attempting to stretch and manipulate the power of the relics.

I was fascinated by the sheer power of each relic I made. It dawned on me that I could use ritual relics made by others against them!

Death began to feed me information on the relation of ritual relics and fetish items used in Fetish Magick.

During my daily meditation a vision came to me.

I saw a king, who lorded his authority at every opportunity. One day, he decided to take a walk through the town, seeking confrontation.

He shouted in the center of the market, "Let any who wish to take my throne take the crown from my head."

A feeble, old man approached the large king, and demanded the king bow to him.

The king was not only astonished but fascinated by the audacity of the crippled man.

"You wish me to bow to you? When have the young and powerful ever given turn to the old? See here. I am your king. You will pay me proper homage."

The old man replied, "Give me your crown, and I assure you, you will bow to me. All of your subjects will be mine. Everything you own shall be mine."

The king came to the conclusion he was dealing with a senile man mentally caught in his young days.

Out of pity the king gave him the crown, but under one condition. "Here take my crown old man, but if in one year you do not have my kingdom your head will be mine."

The old man snatched the crown and placed it into a small sack. "You will fall. Everything that is yours will be mine. When the moon turns full this time next year, you will seek me out for help. You will pay me homage, not with coin or purse but with your soul."

The crippled, old man limped of into the shadows.

Mockingly, the king limped to his cart and returned to his castle.

Many people watched in disbelief. The old man stood up to the king and survived. Others began to think they could do the same, and word spread of the story.

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War stirred within the gates of the city. It was a rebellion. The people could stand the tyrant no longer, and shortly thereafter the revolt stirred in the hearts of the people.

All were united from the youngest to the oldest.

Not one year after the confrontation the king had with the old man, the castle was overtaken. The people rushed the castle, and chased the king and his remaining men out of the castle.

The people were successful.

The king was gone, but who would take his place?

The people united and proclaimed the next king would be the person who could present the city with the former king's head.

Frightened for his life, the king sought refuge but could find none. He had only one other option: to go to the old crone outside the city walls.

She lived up the side of the great mountain. The king traveled up the steep mountain, receiving many injuries along the way. He wondered how the old woman could travel to and from her home with no assistance.

In three days he reached the entrance of the cave where the old woman lived.

He limped through the entrance bleeding and exhausted. He began screaming for the woman, "Where are you woman? Your king demands your aid. Appear before me now!"

The shadows of the cave became alive. A whirlwind stirred inside the cave. Flames swirled around in one spot, giving birth to a small feeble woman.

"My king? I have only one king, and you are not him. My name is Hilda. What can I do for you my son?"

When the king saw the old woman, he fell to his knees out of fear. The summoning of Hilda was more than he could bare. Fear overtook him. "How is it that

fire gave you birth?" Cheerfully she replied, "My secrets are my own child. Now tell me why you have disturbed my rest."

"I seek your aid. If anyone can give me back my kingdom, it will be you. Your dark magick can make even the mightiest warrior bow to you. Help me now, I pray!"

"I can help you my son," the old witch assured him, "but these things have a price. Nothing is free. Balance must be made."

"I have nothing to pay you," the king answered. "But when I sit on my throne you shall have your payment," he said holding his side.

"I'm afraid I cannot help you," the hag shook her ethereal head. "Perhaps if you gave me your crown, I would."

The king immediately thought to himself that the old man must have done all of this. How could it be she is asking for payment of something I do not have, and yet it is the very thing I need to bring my kingdom back to me?

"I have neither crown nor payment," the king hung his head. "Please, I need your help."

He fell to his knees pleading over and over to the old woman.

"No payment. No help," was her cold reply. "Hmmm. Perhaps I can help you. There is still one thing you have I can take as payment, and you can regain your kingdom. I will still need your crown, but after I have it, I can send you to a far off land, and bring you wealth and fortune there."

With tear filled eyes he asked, "What can I give you? I have neither my crown nor coin."

"Your soul, dear," the crone smiled. "With your life essence I can make the impossible appear before you."

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Instantly the king had an idea. "My kingdom is well worth my soul, but if you still need my crown you will have it. I gave it to an old man one year ago today. In exchange for my soul I ask you to bring him here with my crown. With the crown I will pay you for my kingdom."

Hilda spoke, "You will have a deal, but under one condition: I can reap your soul at any time I desire. It may be fifty years from now it may be tonight."

The King was wary, but he thought that even just one day with his kingdom was worth it. "You have a deal. Bring me the man I desire and my soul is yours." A blinding light flashed through the cave, and the old man stood before the king with his crown.

The king snatched the crown from the old man's hands, and said, "Here woman. Take the crown and give me my kingdom." He turned around but she was not there. Then a loud laughter came from behind him.

"What are you laughing at old man?" the king asked.

"You, boy. You were stupid enough to trust this old hag? How foolish. The first rule of combat is to know your enemy, boy."

The king went to strike the old man, instead the king fell to the ground.

The old man held his hand over the back of the king's skull and said, "A deal is a deal, boy."

The king saw Hilda's face flash over the old man's. Within seconds the life and vitality of the strong king wilted away, giving the old man youth.

The king wilted and perished, but not before he heard the young man's words, "Nothing is without my reach. I told an arrogant and powerful king to bow to me, and he did. I told him to give me his riches, and he did. I wanted his soul, and he gladly gave it to me. Be gone from my sight. I will rule over your world now."

The former king fell to the ground in pieces.

The young king scooped up the head of the former king and descended the mountain for the town. Taking the form of the old man once more, he walked in the front gates. Slowly, he proceeded to the town's square. With the head of the king and his crown the old man demanded all to obey. From hence forth the old man ruled over the city.

I came out of my meditation and understood one powerful truth from this story told to me by the dead. Having a just one intimate object of a person, will give you much power over them. From behind the scenes I could see the old man manipulating the king even from the beginning.

With my knowledge of ritual relics I grasped the full truth of manipulation.

You could use the dead to control the living with just one item or link that the living victim cherishes.

In the story, the king cherished his crown, the symbol of his authority, above all else.

Applying the knowledge I gained with ritual relics, the meditation and my knowledge of Fetish Magick, I gained a new insight on gaining control over the living using the power of the dead. It is through Fetish Items; items taken from someone else to create a substantial link for magickal purposes.

Fetish Items have an inherent kinship to the original owner of the item. To qualify as a fetish item the victim must be attached to the item you take. Moreover, the stronger the attachment the more control you can possibly gain.

After studying the story and all the knowledge I had gained, I realized there is something far more powerful than a fetish item, and that is a Fetish Mark;

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items that have come from the intended victim, such as: hair, blood, semen, bones, etc.

Fetish Marks have the strongest level of attachment either the living or the dead could possibly have, the life force.

It is with this one attachment that the magician can make even the mightiest of men or the strongest of the dead bow before him.

The attachment of living is built into our core, and even in death your remnant will seek it again.

Finding a fetish mark of the dead or the living will grant you access even into their core power and soul.

Examples of Each Fetish Link

Fetish Items:

These are items the victim has had personal contact with such as a journal or diary, a scrap from a pillow (it is said the pillow houses the soul while sleeping), clothing (particularly their favorite shirt or blouse), and a signature and a photo can be used if necessary.

These items are good to use to establish a firm link to the unconscious mind of the victim.

Fetish Marks:

These are items that come directly from the intended victim such as: blood, semen, menstrual fluid, tears, skin follicles or a lock of their hair.

The fetish marks will grant you power over their unconscious and conscious minds. Physical manipulation is possible if you have the avenue for it.

Both the items and marks will allow the necromancer to establish an intimate connection to the victim. This bridge is one that is easily traveled with the proper knowledge.

A child could perform necromantic fetish magick, it is that intuitive.

Fetish Magick Manipulation Ritual

1. Obtain either a Fetish Item or Mark; it should be noted that one should always attempt to get a mark over an item, however such things are not always possible.
2. Take the item or mark to the cemetery on Saturday, the day of Saturn, at the hour of ten in the evening. This will fall under the hour of manifestation. It is one of the strongest hours of the week.
3. Bring yourself into a light meditation. Reach out to the dead as you have done before, and feel them gather around you. Take a handful of silver coins in your right hand and throw them over your left shoulder. This will be an offering for the spirit's assistance.
4. Concentrate intently and intensely on the person you are going to manipulate. Focus on a still image of the person performing the task of your desire. The stronger the manipulation the more intimate item or mark you will need.

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5. With the image fresh in your mind say, "Brother and sisters of the dead I ask you to move (person's name) to the wind of my mind. Manipulate them to bend to my will. I ask that you (place what you desire the person to do here) in my favor.
6. Thank the spirits, and use your hands to dig a hole large enough to place the item or mark into. Give at least two weeks for the manipulation to begin.

Chapter Three: Raising the Dead

Raising the dead from a corpse or simply creating a connection with the dead can take some time. It is important the practitioner becomes familiar with the essence of the deceased and prepare himself as profoundly as possible. The thickness of their presence is often overwhelming.

Be it in Western Magick, Haitian Vodoun, Palo Mayombe or Afrikan Witch Doctor Sorcery, the dead have a pull unlike any other form of magick. It is this crucial connection between the Living and the Dead that will create the blossoming Nightshade within the magician's heart.

Your approach to the dead ought to be done with reverence. Feel as they do; feel their pain. Understand there is a crucial connection between the entity and yourself. The binding of yourself and the dead should be made with pride, for not many have connected the spheres.

Unlike most authors who insists on slowly merging the soon to be magician into the current they are attempting to show the reader. I take a different approach. As many of my students will admit, I am

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known for throwing others into the blazing furnace. However, is there truly another way to have anyone learn? Do we not learn from our mistakes? How can we grow spiritually without taking risks?

It is vital to the student's growth to take as many risks as possible. Pain and Fear is nothing more than a hindrance, or is it? Within the realm of Necromancy, pain, fear, hunger and any other feeling is motivation. The practitioner must fully understand the spirits he summons. The rabbit hole you will surely fall into has no bottom. The Underworlds have no binds or claims for the feeble, only those who work in Power.

If the practitioner has yet to develop any connection with the Dead, I have found a particular ritual that will not only aid in the connection but also begin to transform the magician. Soon the magician will have an army of the dead behind him. Any who have the gift of sight, will be able to feel the masses around the Magician. In order for this to occur a connection must be made. The following ritual will permit just that.

The Dead Who Haunt Us

This ritual will help the practicing magician to establish a terrifying link to the undead. The Magician's first wave link in the Necromantic Current will be of a spirit who has recently passed into the next current. The dead have very little to no sense of time at all, so the practitioner will have to connect with a spirit that has only passed within the last one-hundred years.

Before you can create life out of a dead vessel you must first establish a link to the deceased. This link will have to be non-personal. Do not try to contact a lost loved

Raising the Dead

one at the start. I have learned from my mistake, and I do not wish any fellow practitioner to experience what I have. Your choice will be less personal, leaving you less attached to the outcome. This will provide results that are objective.

The ritual will provide you with two main conclusions. You will be summoning your first dead spirit, and you will also be binding it to you. The binding will allow you to summon this entity outside the cemetery, and in time it will know you as its master. Performing this ritual will also give you slight insight of what it is like to be surrounded by the dead. There will also be a form of exorcism if the spirit proves to be too much to handle.

1. Go to a cemetery on a full moon at night. You are to call it your own, a new home even. See yourself working within the cemetery in all future workings. Take with you two white candles, flour, drinking alcohol and three silver coins. All of these, except the candles, will be used as sacrifices for those who guard the cemetery. Place them in a black bag.
2. Bring yourself into a deep meditative state. Then walk around the cemetery until you feel a slight pull in a certain direction.
3. Continue to follow this insatiable urge until it leads you to a grave stone. Read the name on it aloud. Attempt to understand this spirit. Allow your imagination to take you on a journey of the person who has passed.
4. Bring yourself into a deep meditative state. When you are ready, light the candles and place them to the left and right of the grave mark. This in

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combination with deep gnosis, will create a link to the deceased.

5. The spirit's name and date of birth is on the tombstone or grave mark. Allow your sight to gaze over the person's name and birthdate. This will act as a sigil for the exact spirit of the dead you will be summoning.
6. Push your intentions of contacting the spirit of the dead into its sigil. Allow it to begin to flash and reform its words. Having done this, the spirit will sense you are contacting it, the very life force that travels through your veins will be to desirable for the spirit not to investigate.
7. Feeling the dead spirit around you, say these words of binding, "Tuah-Kulev-Mah-Tin-Neau," then say the spirits name. Repeat this until a solid mass has formed above the grave mark. Then demand the spirit reside with you until you have no further need of it. These words have proven to be quite appropriate in the bindings of various spirits, especially those of serpentine nature. You may use these words for any demonic or necromantic means.
8. When you have finished, thank the spirits of the cemetery and the spirit that has chosen to follow you outside of its natural resting place.
9. Take the black bag filled with the various offerings mentioned and any other offerings you were given through personalization of this ritual. Leave the candles burning. This will give the spirit an open door to travel until a firm link is established. The turn and walk away. Do not look back or return to the cemetery for three days! You must leave

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The Exorcism of the Dead

An exorcism of a dead spirit is quite different from that of an angel or demon. They carry their own energies which vary from any other spirit's. Their workings are similar to that of a Loa. You must approach the exact spirit that haunts you, create a link you can control and bid it to leave.

If asking does not prove to be helpful, than you will be required to use your powers as ■ Black Magician to perform the following exorcism:

1. Gather any fetish items of the spirit you own, i.e. a skull, bones, clothing or simply dirt from over the spirit's grave site. If possible, enter a state of meditation. Take the fetish items and rub them down with Uncrossing powder, which is described later in this book. Place the fetish items inside a black bag, which was hand sewn by yourself and made for this exact purpose. If you have a sigil of the spirit, open it and place it inside the bag as well. Sprinkle a dash of Uncrossing powder inside the bag.
2. Proceed to any cemetery, preferably where the spirit originally came. Then dig a hole to place the bag inside.
3. Cover the grave site and stick a home made crucifix on the dirt mound. Call the spirit forth, which if you are truly be haunted will be easy to do.

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4. When the presence of the spirit is made say the following, "Spirit whose soul goes unrested come to me now. Pardon my discretion for awakening you." Add any other words you feel is appropriate. 2.
5. Scatter Uncrossing powder on top of the grave. Repeat the binding incantation backwards, "Uaen-Nit-Ham-Veluk-Haut." This will completely separate you from this spirit, putting back from where it came. Do not return to the cemetery ever! You have committed an act of treason spiritually toward the spirits of the dead. Though they will now leave you be, it is improper to continue to work in the same cemetery of which you performed an exorcism of the dead. 3-4.

A Dead Brother

The next few rituals will be working with the spirit you brought back with you. Simply creating a door for the spirit to travel isn't enough. You will have to immerse yourself into the current further, bring you one step closer to madness. Embrace it. You must perform the following for fourteen days, each day binding the spirit to you indefinitely. 5-6.

1. Your first mission is to create a firm link with your new familiar. Remember you are only speaking with a remnant of a person. This is not the totality of it. To do so you will have to use a form of divination. Any form of divination is acceptable to use. I recommend either evocation or a pendulum, respectively. This is a perfect time to use your intuition. Follow your higher-self; it will guide you in the right direction. 7.

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2. Use your form of divination for the required fourteen days. This will develop a relationship with someone who has crossed over to the **Under Current**.
3. Having a firm grip on the spirit of your choosing, you will evoke it into manifestation. You will not be using a "base" in the traditional sense of the word. Instead you will use the shadows created by the dim light of two black candles.
4. Go to the cemetery where you found your spirit. If the white candles are still there, take them down, and bury them under where they currently stand. Place the black candles over the spots where the aforementioned white candles were. Light the candles and enter a meditative state. It is not required to go vastly deep within yourself, for the connection of the spirit has been performed for some time. The energy built up is more than enough for this ritual.
5. Sit a good distance from the grave, so you can view the grave stone and candles well. Sink into yourself, allowing any self-doubt to be cast away.
6. Now gaze at your view of the grave. See the shadows, and chant the binding, "Tuah-Kulev-Mah-Tin-Neau." This will now act as a catalyst of manifestation. See the shadows sway back and forth. Become seduced in its movement. Let yourself go. See only the movement of the shadows, and continue the chant.
7. Soon the shadows will cease their stagger and align into one figure, your brother or sister of the cemetery. Continue to perform this ritual until you

are able to call the spirit and the shadows bend to manifest your confidant.

Bending Shadows

One of the biggest misunderstandings of necromancers is that they need the cemetery to perform their workings. This is far from the truth. In fact, I know several powerful necromancers who rarely go to the cemetery unless they find it necessary. The trick is to bring the cemetery with you, or find a way to establish a strong link to it. If you have performed the Dead Brother and the Dead Who Haunt Us rituals, you have created a bridge that is not easily broken.

This link is so strong you will be able to summon the dead even during the day. The truth is neither night, day or time matter to the dead. These are all perceptions the living have used as limitations. The dead stand outside of our limitations, making them limitless in potential.

The following ritual is designed to break your personal view of the dead. You must see their power for yourself. You will have to experience their limitless potential. See as they see; hear as they hear; feel as they feel.

1. You will need a fetish item of the dead spirit you will be calling. Although the link you have made is strong, to break through the barrier your conscious self has set you will need something that is personal to the spirit. In this case you are not required to dig up the corpse. Simple dirt over its grave is good enough.

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2. Go out in the day time. Find a nice shady spot to sit. Take two black candles and light them. you must pull yourself deep into meditation. Focus on the connection you have made with the spirit.
3. Open your eyes, and throw the dirt or fetish item into the shadows. Also, the **Serpent's Blood** will aid you in your endeavor (the formula of which is given subsequently in this chapter).
4. Gaze into the shadows and chant, "Tuah-Kulev-Mah-Tin-Neau." Feel the spirit coming closer and closer. Command the spirit to take form, using the shadows as a base.
5. I rarely tell my students to seek validations. By doing so, you will create blockages in your workings, however a sign or tell will occur in your physical vision. Just like scrying, the shadows will turn to speckles of light. In time the shadows will fog over you entire vision.
6. Continue to chant the spirit's name and the incantation of binding.
7. This will take several sessions. Though the dead have few limitations, your workings with the spirit will lend it energy to force itself back into the world of the living.
8. Just as evocation draws the evocator into a state of mental rapture, so does this, however your exhaustion is not your own doing. Instead the dead will feed off the power you give them, so they may proceed into the world of the living once more.

Feeding Your Servitor

When I acquired my personal, undead servitor, I wanted to put to test exactly what it could do. After all, if I cannot find verifiable proof that the dead can operate amongst the living, what was the point? The following rituals are ones I have used both the cemetery and servitor for verifiable results.

There is no sugar coating this ritual. It is **Baneful Magick**. You will be allowing a spirit of the dead to "feed" off a victim. The dead will take that energy and embrace it, leaving the victim feelings drained of his or her life. At the very least fatigue will set. Performing this ritual repeatedly, will kill your victim, however killing him or her will take some time.

1. Go to your cemetery and evoke the spirit, who now serves you. You will have to bring the spirit into full manifestation. If this is your first attempt in seeing the spirit physically, you will be quite surprised. Often the picture you have in your mind of the spirit will hardly ever match to the one who forms.
2. Have the name and birthdate of your victim with you at the time of evocation. Having evoked the spirit to manifestation, tell it the name and birthdate. Give your spirit specific instructions to pursue your victim. Tell it to become a predator and feed off the victim's life force. As a side note: I have performed this ritual several times, and every time the spirit fed off the victim, the person would come to me for help. I have yet to determine whether the person sought me out for genuine aid, or they felt a connection with me through the feeding process. My personal belief is that the

spirit wished to repay me for the energy it received. By the person coming to me for help, I was able to lend them my services and make money, another form of energy exchange. It appears even the dead wish to pay their debts.

3. If you are advantageous enough, you can also have the spirit feed on the victim and bring you a partial amount of the energy it caught, giving you a slight spiritual high. Though this is a form of vampiric ritual, it does have a safety net. The spirit takes the energy from the victim and purifies it, so there is no negative recoil of absorbing the energy. There is no need to ground yourself after such actions. The purification of the energy also appears to be payment for aiding the spirit in receiving spiritual force.

Throughout my life, I've tinkered with the damned. I found their power is so vast they need very little to provide results. I realized that by simply calling upon the powers of the cemetery was more than enough to bring some results. Using their power in concordance with a small candle dressing I could make the impossible turn into reality.

Possessing Dream States

1. Bring yourself into a light meditative state.
2. Take a purple candle, and carve the name of your victim on the candle.

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3. While in meditation call out to the spirits of the dead, and dress the candle with wolf's bane and mandrake root. Both of these are known poisons. Be careful in handling them. Fill the candle with your intentions of entering another's dreams. When inside the mind of another, many things can be planted. You can change memories or create false perceptions of how the person sees themselves. You may also enter their dreams to teach or torture. This form of magick may be used in any way desired. Like the damned, this ritual is also limitless.
4. When you are finished with your victim, return to your body. Now you will have to cut the "link" that was formed indadvertedly. Look just below your navel where a chain has formed on its own. You will have to cut this chain astrally.
5. Become aware of your surroundings and subtle bodies. Then take your astral hands, without moving your own, and pull the chain off of you. This will destroy the link and prevent the person's negative energy to affect you.

Serpent's Blood: The Elixir of Death's Manifestation

Serpent's Blood elixir is a formula I received while working with the spirit, Azrael. He is said to be the Western Reaper of death. He collects all the souls "whose time has run dry." In almost every reference of this spirit is said to be Angelic in nature, my own findings have contradicted such teachings. I have found him to be in many ways a God of Death.

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I performed several evocations of him using a sigil given to me through my soul travels on the astral plane. It was he who gave me the formula for making and using this potion of manifestation.

1. Take a serpent of a poisonous nature and decapitate it.
2. Drain all the fluids into a jar of your choosing. Mix it with rum, bat's blood and mandrake root.
3. When you pull the fangs off the head be careful of dead muscle reflexes. I recommend you wait at least twenty-four hours before removal of the fangs. Drop the fangs into the formula.
4. Place over it Azrael's sigil and cover it with a red cloth for nine days (sigil given in chapter five). After the nine days, you may use this formula to enhance any of your workings with the dead.

Necromantic Fetish Magick

When performing necromantic fetish magick, I recommend trying to obtain a Fetish Mark first. This is a direct link to the victim, and will be able to grant you deeper access into the subconscious. If the mark is unobtainable, then use the Fetish Item for your magickal workings.

Seeking The Truth

To have an enemy speak the truth is quite rare; having a friend or lover speak the truth is far more

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difficult to find. The below ritual will be the combination of everything you have learned, and use it to seek truth from any who hide it. You will be required to have completed all the above rituals and have recorded results within your journal.

The dead can corrupt the aura of the living and have the aura become ill. When the aura is sickened, the necromancer will ask the person a series of questions. The exact questions do not matter. What matters is the pattern of how the aura shifts when the person answers you. The fetish mark you will be using is the aura of the person, for what could be more intimate than the victim's subtle bodies?

In the card game Poker, it is said everyone has a "tell." The same can be said for the person's aura. To be able to send your personal shade into another while consciously being aware and in control, is no easy task. Your mind and inner vision will separate. You must compose yourself so the victim does not suspect you in causing him harm, for if he does, then his defenses will rise, making it that much harder to proceed. Perhaps, you should try the ritual over a few "test subjects" first.

1. Seek out the person that holds the truth you wish to know. If you happen to know the person intimately, then this will prove to be useful. You will know from the person's set demeanor. Use this to your advantage.
2. Gaze your eyes around the person's body. See the outer light surrounding his body. What color is it? What is the shape of his aura; are there any cracks or missing patches? Remember you are not looking into the person you think you know, but

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3. Call out to your shade, have him circulate around the body of the person counterclockwise. This will throw off the natural balance of the person's aura and subtle bodies. It will weaken the subject's Spiritual Immune System.
4. Continue to instruct the shade to revolve around the subject, until an opening is made. Once you see an opening have the shade travel inside. With enough practice steps one through three will not be necessary. You will be able to command your servitor to enter the subject's eyes, the window to the soul.
5. Once the shade has forced itself inside the subject, watch the aura closely without drawing too much attention. This will prove quite difficult in the beginning, but with time and practice it will become second nature. The doors of Saturn are easily opened and impossible to close shut.
6. With your shade inside the subject and you are watching the aura, ask the person a series of questions that can only have absolute answers. There are no variations of truth.
7. The secret to this trick is that you don't need to say the questions out loud! Speak through your inner mind and have the shade manipulate his aura in anyway you seek absolute truth.

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8. If you are seeking specific details, say in your inner mind the truth you desire and watch the aura react.
9. When you are finished, retract your shade. Note: this method of manipulation will only work on the weak minded. If you wish to tackle something higher on the evolutionary scale, you will need more shades. The stronger the will the more shades you will need.

The practitioner must align his entire focus to bend to the Spirits of the Past, herein defined as: the accumulation of entities, spirits and forces of the Dead, and the learning curve is set to remain a lifetime. The Spirits of the Dead lie within a world of their own, however it is only one step to the left of ours. Throughout this work the reader will begin to understand this new area of the dead to be named as the Realm of the Dead, Guinea, the True Crossroads and the Field or River of Passage, to name a few.

By now the practitioner ought to have a feel for the type of energy the Dead pass onto him. He must understand the nature of Shades, and how they conduct themselves in private setting; the Ritual of Bending Shadows, Introduction Ritual of Shades and soon the Ritual of Obtaining the Necromantic Staff will all work in conjunction with the natural evolution of the human soul, bending to the might of Death.

Having completed the aforementioned rituals and began a relationship with the Departed, it is time to begin the novice's personal working toward Demonic Godliness. Here lies fear; let it not strike the heart. Here

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After I performed the above rituals, I needed to dig
further. My humanity was clutching desperately to save
itself. My sanity began to crack, and soon my mind was
split. This caused a permanent split of my psyche. There
lied two sections of my mind, the Human and the Self.

The Spirits of the Dead were altering not just my
cognitive abilities but the spirit and the body. As time
began to crawl, I changed. I desired more power, and with
every step closer toward it, I felt the release of guilt,
pleasure, pain and all the little details that makes life
appealing. The change was slow but also inevitable.

Power in its purest form is addictive to the human
body. That experience of life touching the dead gives the
practitioner a rush similar to heroin. You crave more, and
in time need a stronger dosage to satisfy the thirst. You
will crave more; you will need more.

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Chapter Four: Order of the 13th Judgment

Not long after my miserable attempt to subdue the dead, I became acquainted with the Order of the 13th Judgment. It was as if something was guiding me toward perpetual darkness. There was a piece of me missing after my first act within the spectrum of Necromancy. Perhaps the lower worlds heard my cry of desperation and responded by bringing an Order, focused primarily on the dead, to me.

One afternoon I decided to take a walk in my hometown, Philadelphia. I wanted to clear my head of everything. I was looking back on my first experience with the dead, criticizing myself. I claimed to know much about magick, but within seconds of performing my first Necromantic Ritual, I was put into my proper place. Thoughts of all kind were flooding into my mind. I was being altered into a state of submission.

How was it that I could make Angels, Demons, intelligences and other assorted entities, bend to my will, but it became impossible for me to demand the dead's obedience? I needed an answer, something far more tangible than just another "failed" ritual. Unknown to me, I was being watched from afar.

Physically I was walking with no real intentions, my mental state intervening with my physical motion. I scrambled into a pattern of crazed walking. I went down two blocks, to an alley, down another street and eventually became lost in my mind and body. I was turned around but found a coffee shop. I walked to it thinking a cup of caffeine would help. When I approached the building, I heard a voice within short distance. "You seek what you can't find, huh?" I turned to my right and saw an older, white gentleman, not in front a church or temple, but a coffee shop! I looked at the tall, thin man and asked, "What?" Smiling he revealed, "I can tell you are looking for advice on how to control the dead?"

I was completely shocked, speechless even. Although I can read others as well, my current mental state derailed my senses. My mental clutter threw me off guard. I chose to sit in the chair in front of him. I could see he was just as eager to speak with me as I was of him. I asked, "You can read me?" Replying, "Yup, and I can see you recently went through something tragic. You feel powerless, however I see your inner magician. You carry many demons with you."

I decided to bare down into conversation and skip magician formalities and questions, such as: what type of magick do you perform, do you have a patron deity, etc. I wanted to know if he knew how I could pull myself "back on top." I desired to lose the feeling of powerlessness. There was a core piece of my spirit I needed returned, my omnipotence. The last struggle I had with the dead made it impossible to meditate or perform any ritual.

"Can you train me in Necromancy?" I asked forwardly. The man reached into his back pocket and pulled a card out of his wallet to show me. "Have you ever

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icy?" I asked ack pocket and . "Have you ever

seen this symbol on your travels?" It was an inverted triangle with three inverted crosses intersecting the triangle. "No, I haven't." With a sigh he said, "That's okay. We're more underground anyway."

I started massaging my **Ajna Chakra**. Tremendous pressure filled behind it, causing me serious pain. The gentlemen excitedly let out, "I think we have a winner! Kid, I am a part of a small guild. We have been practicing the occult for almost forty years, keeping in the shadows. The majority of us have studied Crowley extensively, but there is a select few who study Necromancy not as a means for divination but for ascension. We are the Order of the 13th Judgment."

I let out a loud burst of hysterics. I couldn't believe this was happening. It was perfect, too perfect. I thought to myself either this man is an outrageous con-artist or this was really happening. I was thinking about what he just told me. He was a part of a group of people who study necromancy, and from the direction of the conversation he was interested in teaching me about it. I was suppressed. My thoughts became cloudy and I lost focus. I paid as much attention as I could, but my head was starting to feel like it was splitting open.

We continued speaking of various occult related dogmas and rituals. The entire time my third eye was buzzing. He told me that the order doesn't have any new blood. They were all in their late fifties at least. He said they are looking for someone to take the order from what is was, to something far more grand. His ambitions were quite sharp, his age and frail body have no effect on him.

His aura sparkled with a unique vibration. Often someone with as much power as this man, would lend a blinding golden light, however the presence around him

NECROMANTIC SORCERY

was chaotic. His subtle bodies were disguised that much I could see. I wanted to read him further, but my eyes were forced to his with my third eye pulsating.

"Not yet kid, soon, but not yet. I'm going to be honest with you. Our order is more of a guild. There are no lessons or initiations. If we find information that may be helpful to other group members, then we share it. We get together at least once a few months to give offerings or perform evocations to our Patron Deity."

I wanted to know who could possibly be their patron deity, moreover why is he speaking to me like this? I had so many questions. I failed my first necromantic ritual, and within such a short amount of time, I was approached by someone who claims to have practiced necromancy for at least forty years? This was all too surreal. I would be the densest Black Magician on the earth to not notice a connection. I asked myself was it possible their deity was calling to me?

"Here's our address. If you live by, come to our meeting this Friday." "Okay, I will," then we went our separate ways. I turned the card over and saw the image of the triangle intersected by three inverted crosses. I gazed into the seal and the pressure pent up in my Ajna Chakra was released into the markings. Images of people performing evocations of a black serpent flooded into my head. When I came to the pressure in my head was gone, and I knew within I had to open this seal.

I wanted deeper insight on this order. The man's mysterious aura and subtle bodies told me an ancient story, one of descension into worlds unknown. He was able to bypass every ward I had placed on myself and see straight into me. How was he able to do this? What were

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his secrets? I desperately sought after what was behind this curtain. I went to the meeting that Friday.

The physical address was an old Masonic Lodge. Later, I found this was still a working lodge, and we were "allowed" to do as we desired with the land and building. I found the inside of the lodge to be intimidating. I was unfamiliar with Masonry as a whole, and to be brought into such a large hall was impressive. Silently I said to myself, "Damn, the dead know how to live." A voice called out from the distance, "May I help you sir?" Instinctively, I said, "I fear I may have wandered into the wrong place." Looking over my right shoulder, I was greeted by the man I first saw at the coffee shop.

"You may have just that," he smiled as he extended his right hand. Casually I reached with my hand to extend pleasantries. "No, son. If you want to be allowed in here in the future." He move my thumb in between his ring and pinky finger. "Then slide your thumb from here to middle knuckle. The trick is not knowing the handshake, but when to do it. The one who slides his thumb to the positions has to be the one who did not start the conversation. This lets the person who spoke first that you're okay to speak secrets to, but don't worry about that. You only need that to get down stairs."

We exchanged pleasantries and names. His name was John, an elderly man from Miami, Florida. When he turned 24, he moved up to Pennsylvania. He found a Masonic Hall and became acquainted with them, and about ten years later he founded The Order of the 13th Judgment. It was an order composed of twenty masons seeking esoteric knowledge. For roughly two decades they have been teaching out of the masonic lodge, opening their doors to only a select few.

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During conversation we walked throughout the lodge. He wanted to show me detail of the building. He was quite proud of the collection of knowledge and art works. His sincerity selling every word he said. He was in love with the building, his accomplishments and works he'd done throughout the years. I realized his speech was getting nowhere, a purpose of distraction, and it worked. We continued down a long corridor. We came upon two large doors with an image of a black cobra bearing red eyes. The John opened the door and asked me to go on by myself. The large room was dark with a slight chill in the air. I smelled incense. I followed the smell to another set of doors. Light from the other side was seeping through the cracks in between the doors.

I opened the door to find eleven men conducting an evocation. They wore purple robes with the Seal stitched into the back. This was the same as my vision. In unison they chanted, "Braaaaahhhh-Tuuuuu," over and over. Without making a sound, I slowly found my way to the back of the ritual space. I watched intently. I opened myself up to feel the intensity of the evocation. Within moments I saw the incense began to take on form. I heard a loud hiss in the distance. Then the incense dropped to the floor, forming a four foot king cobra with red eyes. I quickly noticed this was the same spirit both in my vision and on the door outside the ritual area.

A twelfth magician came in from the South. He greeted everyone within the ritual area. As he was coming to me I became lost in the detail of his ritual wardrobe. The long, baggy purple cloak flowed seamlessly off of his long, slender body. His aura enchanted his every movement, making his physical body almost ethereal. He shook hands with every magician, and then they glided to their positions. When they

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arrived at their destination, they locked into position mechanically.

The ambiance of the ritual ceased me. I was caught in a spider's web. Mass illusions were disrupting my senses. The mysterious magician made his way to me. He shook my hand as John had. He spoke, "Brother, what is your name?" My body felt like a puppet on strings; I uttered, "Dante." His tone vibrated low. No doubt it was an assertion of agreement. The others spoke in unison, "Welcome brother." I looked into the hood of the cloak and saw it was John. Oh, how the illusions plagued my mind.

We locked eyes; then he went to the North section of the ritual area as I fell into the center of the room. I was dazed, confused and intoxicated. There was a drug of pure rapture flooding through my being. I recalled memories and fear of the failed necromantic ritual. The intensity of it made my head spin and hurt just like when I first met John. "Let him come. May he who gave us permission to join together come now," John said in a terrifying undertone."

It occurred to me that the whole time the spirit was watching us perform this little charade. There he was fully manifested and waiting. He enjoyed it. He knew the group was only performing these formalities as a means to an end, but what was there end goal? Why the whole play? Why was I even involved? As the head magician, John greeted the spirit and conducted an animal sacrifice of a goat. The goat's legs were not bound, yet it did not move while the sharp blade was sliced across its neck. I was confused, but I gave up. This game was not my own. I didn't know the rules. Turning to leave the area, I bumped into the gentlemen who lead me into this hell, but when did he get behind me?

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"Tell me what you see," he said. I replied, "Elven men performing an evocation." He retorted, "Well there are actually thirteen, but what do you see within the triangle of manifestation?" "I see a serpent. It appears to be a black cobra with red eyes. From what I can gather, he knows information on destructive herbs and medicines, but what I feel most is that he knows the dead, how they operate." "Very good. I knew I made a good call. Brothers! Welcome, Dante, our 13th Judgment. He is the 13th Law."

He finished speaking and walked toward the triangle. The brothers and I bowed together. The serpent ran up his arm, coiling around his body lodging its mouth around his face. The body of the spirit turned into a black mist, falling to the floor like fog. "We have found our newest initiate, but he is no ordinary human. Death has touched his soul. He is dead, yet he breathes. We will use him to connect to the outside world. He will be our Gatekeeper. May the 13th Judgment ring the loudest."

The spirit left his body, but not before pointing to me saying a few phrases of a language I did not know. I still have no idea what was said, but it did cause all the men to turn and bow to me. I had no clue what was had happened. My senses were still clouded. The men repositioned themselves and dismissed the entity.

After the ritual was finished, proper introductions were made. We all exchanged names and pleasantries. John came to me after the others greeted me. He noticed I was shaking hands with the other men as he instructed me to. I was new in an unfamiliar place. I had to play by their rules. "You learn quickly, but do you know why I broke the rule I gave you in the beginning? You remember, don't you," he extended his hand. I shook it as instructed previously. "Very good. The order has been

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calling me Master Nighthorn for as long as I can remember. Nighthorn is my last name. It adds to the illusion. Let's talk."

I exchanged pleasantries with him. I admitted this ritual was my first experience in a traditional fashion. It was archaic, medieval even. "Yes, our rituals are a lot like that, but this is nothing to concern yourself with. We have waited very long time for someone as yourself. We have always worked in the dark, but the spirit we serve now wishes to be brought to the open. We are the true Order of the 13th Judgment, and we wish for you to teach our secrets to others." There was no other reply I could have given, "Yes."

When I began my journey with the order, I was expecting lessons, initiations, instructions, etc. My beginning with them was very unconventional for such a traditional lodge. There was no hierarchy or line of command, only that John had final say. They all saw themselves as equals. According to the Order, they have learned to see themselves above hierarchy and fall in lines with territory. This was a line of thinking I had experience with. The Loa work in the same manner.

This entity was to be my only guide. I needed to gather all information from him. I was given only the seal of their order. I was told how to open it; that's it. If I didn't witness the power of the order myself, I would have declined, but I needed the knowledge and power of dealing with the dead, the knowledge Master Nighthorn had. The timing couldn't be more perfect. I knew this was going to be my way back to Power.

Master Nighthorn gave me his final instruction. "Dante, I may be the head of the order, but you need to know something. I was the first to work with him,

Akasha-Subterfuge. However, what all the others have all failed to realize is that I am nothing more than a speaker for the damned snake. I am the 1st Judgment. There are thirteen in all. Every one of them have made significant impact on how the order operates. There has been much change over time, but the one thing that never changed was how we respond to change. We all embrace change. Change is life's way of telling you that you need to evolve to survive. Death, my dear friend, is the highlight of change." He continued to ramble on with nonsense. I thought he was delusional. His words told me he was insane, but the power he gave off was preaching an entirely different sermon.

My instructions were simple enough. I was to open the seal and receive the lessons, initiations, gateways and spirits from the serpent, Akasha-Subterfuge. After I received the work I was to immediately write it down and publish the works within a tome focused on Necromancy. In return I was given access to their grand library and a fancy title I could put under my belt. To be honest, I solely wanted the information. It called to me in the middle of the night, and I could not deny it. After performing each one of the rituals, initiations and gateways of Akasha-Subterfuge, I was given the title Sanctified Hierophant of the Order of the 13th Judgment. However, he led me to something I was simply not ready to receive.

Now it is time for others to learn what I have through the lessons, instructions and initiations of Akasha-Subterfuge, giving me access into their grand library. This is how all pacts are to be made. One provides another a service or job rendered in return there is a reward, such is how the Infernal Kingdom operates.

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Initiations of the 13th Judgment

Initiate of the First Degree

My opening of the seal will be forever marked into my memory. Like an infant breathing for the first time, I too became confused as to where I was, and how I got there. The power of the seal is not to be taken lightly. When I opened the sigil of the order, I felt a tremendous amount of astral winds.

I pushed my intentions into the sigil with all my strength. It didn't take long for me to "fall" into of the gateway. When I awoke, I was inside of a cemetery. It was old, ancient even, but the architecture was beyond any physical construction I have ever seen.

There was a pyramid erected upside down on the dirt of the graveyard. I willed myself toward the massive contradiction. I was amazed by the size and the intricate images on the outer walls. The pictures displayed an ancient story of a God's beginning. I felt the words pour into my mind as I watched the paintings move.

The sea gave birth to a serpent. Over time, the serpent grew weary of the sea, so the serpent slithered onto the ground. A pack of human hunters ran by him. He watched them closely. He became fascinated by the intelligence and power of man. Their swiftness to kill prey and use intricate traps amused him. He knew man was far more than the gods cared to admit. There was an inherent potential in every one he saw. He wanted the cleverness of man. With this he knew he could achieve anything. The serpent came to admire humans. In time, he came to love man. He admired the bond they all shared. Desire built up in his heart. The serpent wanted

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to be his own man, to indulge in all the pleasures of humankind.

He became lost in his search for equality and pleaded to the gods to grant him legs, so he may eat food caught just like the hunters. He wanted to have the kinship and power of man. One night, the gods made a body of man out of clay and summoned the serpent. They said, "We will give you all the powers of man. In return we want you to give us an offering." The serpent replied, "What shall your offering be?" "We want the life of a man. Bring us his blood. We will use it to give life to this dead vessel, and you will have your reward."

Blinded by ambition the serpent stalked the strongest hunter of the largest village. He thought with the power of the strongest human he would become a demi-god. At midnight with the moon full the serpent struck the man in the neck, coiling his muscular body around the hunter. The serpent lifted his head to watch the man's facial expression of fear, however the hunter stared the beast into his eyes, never fretting. The serpent's blood began to heat, for the strength of the hunter was great.

The serpent latched onto the lifeless body of the hunter. Much of the hunter's blood ran into the serpent's mouth. His body began to overheat, causing his blood to boil. The serpent dashed into a strong current, losing the hunter into the river.

He made it out of the water tired and restless. The serpent continued on with his three day journey back to the Gods. When the serpent would rest, he would see the hunter he killed. This stirred up emotions within him. He always admired man, never did he think of killing him, but something was different. He was starting to

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During the serpent's three day travel, he came to a realization. He didn't need to kill a man to become his friend. The kinship between man and the black serpent is enough, but the realization brought anger within the serpent. He knew the gods had deceived him. With determination he sought the gods to carry out his vengeance.

The serpent traveled long and appeared before the gods. Bruised and tired from the long journey, he confronted the gods for their deception. With the last of his strength he longed at the gods but he hit the vessel of man. He sank his teeth into the throat of the vessel, pushing his life into it. "Speak as a god!" He hissed. He proceeded to bite the vessel in the Zeal Chakra. "Created and Destroy as the gods. Let your heart drive you. Feel my hatred of them. They have killed us in their game. Let us rise together against them." In that moment the serpent became one with the vessel. The blood in his bite brought the soul of the Great Hunter into the new vessel.

Together they became a god in the flesh. They were a vessel made by the gods, meant to house the eternal and the omnipotent. The cunning and craftiness of the serpent fused with the intelligence of man. Thus a new god was born. Throughout the time of their life they have sought the esoteric power of the gods. To show man how to escape the fate we have been labeled with by the gods, all the gods.

I broke free from the vision, and each monument burned into my inner sight. The images are still clear in my mind. I heard a hiss from far away, "Join me." A door

NECROMANTIC SORCERY

opened in front of me. The entire side of the pyramid gave way for the entrance. I willed myself inside the construct, finding myself in an ancient temple. I proceeded further down the corridor, mesmerized by the architecture and paintings.

I came to a door fashioned exactly like the one I walked through in the order's physical temple in Philadelphia. The door opened for me; a voice bidding me to come became more enchanting. I found myself in a large circle with the black serpent inside a triangle. I was greeted by the spirit not by word of mouth but through the mind. Words were no longer necessary.

"Dante, come. Call me by my name. Summon me." I could sense this was the real deal. Up until this vision I had my doubts about the Order of the 13th Judgment, however this experience was more than enough to make me a believer. "This shall be the first step of the initiates. Making contact."

I looked into his blood, red eyes. Flashes of images on man's spiritual evolution flooded into my thoughts.

1. The neophyte will need to call upon is his inner, higher-self. Each of us have a direct link into godhood. There is only one true way to access this superb, collective unconscious, mind, and that is with Objectivity and Personalization. With every ritual, mediation and instruction it is crucial the neophyte take the lessons, dissect and study them. Dig as deep as possible into the lessons. Do your best to read between the lines, and look at any stories described. Find the hidden "lessons," the parables that stay disguised until a true seeker calls out to them.

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2. For convenience, I will briefly go over on how to open astral gates and seals. Draw the seal while being in a deep meditative state. It does not matter how accurate the lines and circles are, however they do need to be as close as possible to the original image. While drawing the seal, see a white vibration created by your connection to godliness. From the onset of the drawing, you are moving light vibrations. Each stroke of the writing implement must be seen as pure energy.
3. In the process of drawing the seal, you will feel a deep pull. The astral winds around you will spin. Do not allow these things to distract you from your task. You are on the first step of understanding not only the dead, but the current they travel. Your first steps into the dead will most likely overwhelm you, but remember this too shall pass.
4. Once you feel the pressure of the seal's opening, focus directly on the location of your third eye, Ajna Chakra. You will notice there is a sense of pressure. This is a reaction to becoming more aware of your subtle bodies.
5. Now direct that pressure into the seal. Continue doing so until the pressure becomes overwhelming. With all your strength, push yourself into the seal.
6. Once you have done so, continue to the construct I mentioned earlier. Upon my travels to the temple, I have notice there are Black Guards, who dissuade any travelers from going inside of the temple. If this happens, you are to draw the seal over the guard's body. This is the secret "handshake" for entrance.

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7. Your entrance into this temple is a gift. You must understand you are not on "home turf." It is worth your time to be respectful. Take in the images and paintings. They will teach you.
8. Find your way to the door with Akasha-Subterfuge's image. He is a black cobra with red eyes. Behind the door your teacher waits. The ancient serpent will give you permission to use any of these lessons and any that follow from the order.
9. Mentally take snapshots of the area. Notice the circle and triangle. Do they seem familiar? Continue to commune with your teacher, and then depart back to your body, allowing your subconscious mind to understand all that has happened. In time you will receive more information. Some of it may not seem possible, however what you will realize is anything outside the rational mind cannot be translated into a language the rational mind can understand. Attempts are made, but much information and experience is lost in translation.
10. If you were able to open the seal, force through it, get past the black guards to receive a formal introduction from Akasha, then you have received the first initiation needed to continue. Remember, initiations performed by the spirits themselves is far more potent than having even the highest priest give you a "proper" initiation. Stick with the spirits, who will guide you in your workings.

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Initiate of the Second Degree

Now that you have traveled to the temple of Akasha-Subterfuge, you will need to bring him into your temple. This will be your first evocation of a **Dead God**, a leader of the death currents. This is above traditional evocation. It's often referred to as a **God Form Manifestation**, which is the ability to bring the entire existence of a God onto the physical plane. You must bring down one of these **Lords of the Dead**.

Understand the gravity of the ritual. There will be two Gods meeting. There is a higher connection going on here. Reference him but know, you too are a god. Go to your consecrated cemetery and find a crossroads. Bring with you two black candles, coal, a censer with incense and Serpent's Blood. The blood and incense will aid in the connection.

1. Draw a simple magickal circle and ■ triangle of manifestation, and place the candles to the left and right of the circle. Set up the incense and any other implements you have added to personalize the ritual. Personalization of ritual is the God-self becoming active in that moment you decide what to do. You must become a singularity, fully merged within yourself to transmit subjective uniqueness.
2. Grab the Serpent's Blood and sprinkle it around the triangle and circle. With each drop you will feel a strong atmospheric change. The drops will spread distinct vibrations. Be sure not to use all of it.
3. With the incense lit on the hot coals, bring your mind into a state of nothingness. Having an open

NECROMANTIC SORCERY

seal of Akasha-Subterfuge, gaze over the surface, then into it (sigil provided in chapter five).

4. With the image burning in your mind, "drag" the inner image over the incense.
5. See not the incense burning skyward, but peer through the veil of life and death. You are connecting to a Lord of the Dead. Start chanting, "Abelik-Tus-Goth-Thou." Doing this will bring his image into manifestation; continue to chant until his image is in full, physical manifestation.
6. Once you have brought him into physical manifestation, greet him. The primordial serpent has waited for a seeker such as yourself. Ask him any questions you like. What is important here is the connection you made during your first two steps of the initiation. First, you journeyed through his gateway into his realm, and then you established connection with Akasha. Performing these two simple rites, is considered forbidden. God has reached to his creation, and his creation reached has for him. The connection of the two generates limitless roads to take on your path of ascent.
7. Dismiss him. When he is dismissed it is recite the chant given, to banish any remaining energies that is left, or you may allow the energies to coagulate into a thick mass. Be cautious, as the energies you summon do not leave you. Even when they are dismissed, they do not go back from where they came. Instead, they stay with you. You will be watched even in your everyday life.

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Initiate of the Third Degree

You have now opened a gateway that opens on both sides of two separate spectrums, Life and Death. Within time you will learn rebirth. The graveyard you performed your evocations in has become a **Hot Point**. You will use it to establish communication with Akasha-Subterfuge and his allies. If you have left the gate opened, then it will bring much more activity there. Spirits will pour in and out of both ends of the gate. Use this to your advantage. Connect with all the energies.

This is the last step for the neophyte into Saturnian Necromancy. He will take the step of Submission. The magician must learn what it is like to serve before he can rule. The Third Degree, of the Order of the 13th Judgment, requires an evocation of Akasha-Subterfuge, and to swear allegiance over to him.

I first came upon this realization while opening all four sides of the pyramid. I had performed the first and second initiations a total of eight times, four times for each lesson. When I saw the last part of the construct unfold onto the ground, a blinding light pierced my eyes. What was unique was how the energy felt. It wasn't a presence, wave or form of energy, but Death incarnate. His appearance neither terrifying nor intimidating. Everything was as it should be. There was no fear, or pain, just peace. There was peace knowing death was so close to me.

The serpent lied coiled around a staff of wood. Peeking his head up, I could feel his hissing vibrations in my mind. "Walk into my triangle. I will travel you." I willed myself toward the triangle and stepped inside. Although the moment was brief, *I saw my future*. I knew exactly how events would play out within a six month

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period, but most importantly, that pursuing the Death Currents would create physical ailments within my body.

I returned to the circle feeling the serpent uncoiling his body, then traveling down my spine. His haste made my skin crawl. "Seek the staff. This will be your first implement into necromancy." Within moments I returned to my body and drew his seal on the crossroads of the cemetery, symbolizing the intimate connection created through submission of momentary possession.

1. Take an open seal with you to the cemetery at midnight. You may want to take the extra mile and make a permanent representation of the seal. Go to the crossroads in the cemetery, and draw the seal and a triangle of manifestation in the center of the crossroads.
2. Meditate into a deep gnosis. Call him by chanting his name. Attempt to mimic his whispering; hiss while performing the chant of his name.
3. Continue calling him. Once you feel his presence within the triangle state, "Akasha-Subterfuge, I wish you for to teach me the art of submission. Take now my body as your sacrifice." Then proceed into the triangle. When you enter the triangle you must allow your entire being to remain open. You will feel his body coiling around your own, and once he is wrapped tightly around you, he will enter your third eye. From this moment forth, you will be in permanent connection with him and all his secrets.
4. You are not to cast him out. Instead embrace his presence within you. This may prove too much for some to handle. This will separate the boys from

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5. If you have decided to enter into the **Saturnian Current**, then draw the Gate of the Cemetery behind the triangle of manifestation. See before you the Gate of the Cemetery manifest pure light, making a monument in front of you. Its manifestation will surely overcome you. It will appear in the form the practitioner is ready to see. For me, the gate was a solid mass of spider webs.
6. Walk through the appeared gate. Once you are through the gate, you will feel ■ slight snap. This is the door closing behind you. Now there is no turning back; you must continue reaching for the eternal cup of rebirth. Welcome initiate of the Third Degree. You are one more step toward you descent.

I have had several initiates who have followed this path. Though they have learned many secrets about life, death and rebirth, every one of them has had someone close perish, shortly after performing the ritual. Take great caution, for to learn of death requires great sacrifice.



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Knight of the First Degree

It had taken me roughly a week to recover from the possession of this undead serpent, moreover he has never completely left my body. It was I who had forgotten him. No matter what chaos falls into your life, you must continue forward. You must see the dead for yourself and unlock the secrets of rebirth. You will begin to make implements using the power of the dead. These tools will be with you for some time. You will create a series of relics, and in the end return the power from whence it came.

1. Find a weeping willow tree in the cemetery. If your cemetery does not have this tree, then use any tree within the cemetery. Go to the tree you have chosen at sunrise. You must pick a branch that will be appropriate for further workings. Therefore, the branch you are looking for must be at least two inches thick and forty-eight inches long. The branch must also have a natural knot on the end of it.
2. Once you have found the branch tie red, black and purple ribbons around it. Bring yourself into a meditative state and ask the cemetery to lend you her power. Direct this energy toward the branch. Give thanks to the dead lords and Spirits of the Dead then leave the cemetery. This will allow the cemetery to direct her energies into the branch of your choosing.
3. You will be returning three days after this. During the waiting period, you are to meditate on the seal of Akasha-Subterfuge. Take in any lessons he will teach you.

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4. On the third day and before you go to the cemetery, you must perform an evocation of Akasha. He will manifest a large wooden door with his image carved in the center of it. Walk into the triangle through the ancient door to receive your next initiation.

Knight of the Second Degree

1. On the last of the three days return at ten in the evening. Find the crossroads where you performed the evocation and possession of death. Evoke Akasha-Subterfuge. Something noteworthy, is how his manifestation occurs. He will pour out of your third eye into the triangle, opposed from manifesting out of the incense.
2. Within just a few steps you have already broken one law of evocation, the manifestation base. Though it may be argued the cemetery has given you the "base of manifestation," do not sell yourself so short. To have the ability to summon this ancient entity with no real base, is a demonstration of the certain power that lies dormant within you, the **Saturnian Hot Point**.
3. When his appearance becomes a solid mass, ask him to direct his energies into the staff you are preparing. Bid him to reveal the secrets of death through the staff. "Akasha-Subterfuge, guide me now into eternity. With the staff show me the secret steps into death."
4. Point him to the direction of the tree. You are to give him permission to leave the triangle to possess the tree you will be cutting. Allow three

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Knight of the Third Degree

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I remember walking to my consecrated cemetery to receive my new ritual tool. The process seemed so tedious to me. I couldn't believe the amount of exhaustion this process had on me. Instead of a nice walk where I could meditate on my spiritual state and reflect, I found myself being dragged. I was lost in a spiritual coma. I must have blacked out, because I found myself in the cemetery within moments. The walk alone should have taken me at least an hour.

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I was ready to receive the staff. There was a burning within me. I wanted to power of the dead at my disposal, but something inside of me was changing. My body was stiff. I had little physical energy, but my passion kept me going. Passion to know the truth.

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1. Go to the tree you have chosen. Place your hand on the base of it. Feel the spirit you called into it. Sense the stench of death in the air. Feel the essence of the graveyard. You must connect yourself with every aspect that lies in the cemetery.
2. Climb the tree and cut down the branch of your choosing. You will feel a snap just like the one you felt proceeding through the doors of initiation.
3. Before you leave the cemetery, throw three silver coins over your left shoulder using your right hand. This is an offering to the Spirits of the Dead.

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The value of the money has no significance. It is the simple act of recognition and reverence that will open the doors of the cemetery fully for any future workings.

4. Take this staff home after it has been plucked from the tree and the offerings were made. When home take a piece of coarse sandpaper and rub the branch into a smooth staff. You may place a coat of paint or lacquer on it. Then place the seal of Akasha-Subterfuge on the top of the knot.
5. You must wrap the staff in purple satin, and placed into a box just big enough for the staff. Take it to the cemetery on the night of the New Moon, and bury it as deep as possible, six feet is the deepest I would recommend. Place the seal over its grave.
6. Remove the staff in three days. The ritual tool has gone through a massive change. It was alive. It died and was buried, to rise again. This staff has gone through the three stages of Incarnation: Life, Death and Rebirth. These three principles must be studied diligently. To do so, you will hold the staff during an evocation of our patron deity. This staff will now have the ability to make almost any dead obey your will. If you are still alive and well, the spirits have blessed you and are willing to show you **Descent**.
7. To receive your initiation of third Knight, you will have to evoke Akasha-Subterfuge. Open Gate of the Cemetery on the south of a crypt wall. Open the gate and travel through it. Everyone's experience will vary. This is the moment you and the dead begin your personal journey.

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When I opened the Gate of the Cemetery to receive this initiation, I was transported onto the **Astral Plane**. The sky was vast. The land was that of quicksand. I started to sink. In the distance I saw a serpent swimming in the sand. In seconds it was coiling around me. I stared into the eyes of the large cobra, knowing full well who he was. His mouth opened, squeezing me tighter, and everything went black.

I awoke on my knees in the cemetery. I had my tool, and with the serpent's bite I had the knowledge on how to use it, but what was happening to me? My mind no longer had the strength to battle with logic. I was experiencing these things. Perhaps what was most terrifying, I was all alone. With no guide but a wretched serpent, who I knew little about.

Baron of the First Degree

To obtain all three degrees of the Baron you must make another ritual tool, however this one will be quite special. You will be obtaining a vessel from the cemetery itself.

1. Go to the cemetery at the midnight hour of Friday morning.
2. Use the staff to find the grave. To do so, you will need to quiet your mind. Hear your surroundings. Feel the death in the air. By now you should feel close to the cemetery. Sense the presence of Akasha-Subterfuge. Let the staff's spirit possess you, allowing you to become the Great Tree. You are opening yourself to the entire cemetery. You will become the Tree of Life and Death. With your roots your will feel the hottest point in the

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cemetery, however you are not looking for a crossroad, but for a spirit who has died violently.

3. The transition the spirit has taken will be essential in future workings. While the person was whole, complete and alive, it experienced a death that was considered violent and cruel. You as the Black Magician will take someone's Tragedy and make it your Comedy. Worry not about those who may or may not see you, or even who the spirit is. It is time for the dead to obey through submission. You are now in the hands of the dead. Just let them guide you. Give up your control.
4. Standing over the grave you will tap the tombstone three times with the staff. This mocks the "trinity" of god, and will surely entice the spirit to come forth. Using the Staff force the spirit to "up" from its grave. Let the life of the staff control your movements and actions. You will act as a medium of the powers of the cemetery and command this spirit to move.
5. Mix a cup of Sea Salt into a bag of flour. Draw a circle around the grave and the spirit. Focus your mind on the restless spirit. By now the spirit will know your intentions, and being that the dead are so hard to determine their current state of "mind," you may have to use the staff to force the spirit's obedience, but know it is only through the mediumship of the cemetery's powers that will let you command the dead.
6. With a sturdy shovel dig to the grave. There are some guidelines you may want to follow. To unearth a corpse is highly illegal, but if you have chosen to disobey the law, you may as well be

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smart about it. We only need the skull for this process. Use the laws of physics to your advantage. Dig a hole approximately three feet squared over the head of the coffin. Which is often located six inches to the bottom right of the tombstone.

7. Within the United States we usually bury our dead in a stone casing. Dig until you see it. Once you reach the stone cage, dig two small air pockets to the left and right of it. Jump hard on top of the soil to break any concrete protecting the coffin. This will crack any stone that covers the coffin. Cover your face either with your shirt or a hospital mask.
8. Go into the grave and remove the pieces of stone that cover the coffin. Using your shovel may prove useful. Take the shovel and continue to smack at the old wood until you have full access into the grave.
9. When the grave is open, be sure to cover your mouth. The stench of the body may be overwhelming even if you are used to it. Use your shovel to remove the head. If there is skin and tissue still intact, then place the point of the spade on the jugular of the body. Give one or two hard jumps onto the shovel. This will break the head free. You may see some leakage from the body, however this is normal. You can gather some of the liquid for further consecration of the skull; though this is not necessary.
10. Take the head out of the grave, and then refill the grave. By the time you finished all the physical

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labor, it should be sunrise. Let the sun hit the head. Tap the head three times with the staff.

11. The spirit you called will now be highly agitated. Command it to reside back into the head. Return home with the head to clean and polish it. There are various way to perform the cleaning. There isn't an easier way of cleaning it, just different ways. However, removing the eyes and then placing a steam cleaner inside will melt the old flesh. Gather all the residue from the skull. You will have to use this later. If you committed this atrocity, you will know the act itself was the initiation.
12. If you are not willing to perform the latter exorcise, you may also buy a skull that has already been cleaned and polished. Find the hottest point in the cemetery. Then wrap it in purple satin and bury it on the thirteenth day of the month. Let it rest for three days before you remove it. Command the spirit to inhabit the skull as its new home or residence.

Sacred Baron

When I reached the level of Sacred Baron, I became convinced I was watched, not by the police or the "man," but by the spirits of the dead. I had nightmares for weeks, and yet they still persist. I have come to embrace them, and without those tiny maps of my subconscious, I may not know who I really am. If this happens to you, embrace the madness. You are one step closer to finding the truth. Just as I have.

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1. Having a clean and possessed skull, it is time for you to use it appropriately. This will become a ritual relic for divination. Every dead spirit you call, will come to this skull and possess it. Making the skull a hot point and a crossroad. It will be the vortex of passage for the dead spirits. Go to the cemetery with your skull. Using the staff to find the crossroad again, draw the seal of Akasha on the ground.
2. Set incense in the center of the seal. Call upon Akasha-Subterfuge. Greet him. Ask him to possess the skull permanently and to seal the current "owner" back inside the skull.
3. Now walk into the space he where manifested with the skull. Hold the skull skyward and chant, "Brrrrr-Uuuuu-Taaaf." These are the sealing words of the dreaded angel himself.

Sacred Baron of the Second Degree

1. Take the skull to your regular ritual area and carve the seal of Akasha on top of the head. This will ensure both spirits reside inside forever. Essentially, this is you only task of the Second Degree. However, what you need to understand is your fate is no longer your own. You swim in waters with large predators and you are their prey.
2. Embrace this, and you will understand that only in the moment your life is at jeopardy will you find your safety. This will be a test of survival. Any and all possessions will become more erratic. You may find yourself eating glass or strange bruises will

appear on your skin. Stay calm. Embrace the change. It is inevitable.

Duke of the First Degree

It didn't take long for me to realize I was being manipulated by the dead current. I could feel a deep presence within myself. The poisonous snake was wrapped around my spine, injecting his fangs into my vertebrae. This transition caused me a tremendous amount of pain. My spine was deteriorating. The disks slipping, allowing my bone to grind. I was lost, my mentor without reach. My body was failing, but I decided to press further. I would know the secrets of the dead, even if it killed me.

I contacted Master Nighthorn. I gave him what I received thus far. "It's good Dante, but the secret you need is still out there. Find it." I found myself at a loss. I couldn't believe I had accomplished so much, but yet it wasn't enough.

Frustrated, I decided to summon Akasha-Subterfuge. I needed answers, and I demanded them. My blood was pumping so hard, I could hear my heart beat. I felt betrayed, fooled. I took everything I had and put it into the eternal flames, and all I got was "it's good." No, this was not enough.

I was able to quiet my mind just long enough to establish connection with the damned spirit. Within minutes I heard an echo, "Call me using this circle." My forehead burned. The image of the circle flashing over and over in my mind.

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The Necromantic Circle has been passed down from teacher to student for generations. In my search for power, I was able to find a master more versed in dealings with the dead than I. He laid in the shadows for far too long, never seeking the spot light. It was through this teacher I blossomed into the deadly nightshade.

It is my duty and honor to relay the initiations, mediations and lessons given to me by fellow masters and spirits of the art. The magician must give himself fully over to these energies. Throw yourself into the Black Flame of Nuit. Be reborn in the womb of dread and darkness.

The Necromantic Circle draws its power from the current of Saturn. It allows the magician to be suspended not just in the center of the universe but also in time. Once the magician opens the circle, creation itself will appear frozen. In this state of suspension you must grab hold of your fate and create not a new universe but a new God. Make God in your own image, for this is the true secret behind any religion. May the **Saturnian Bridge** be created in your image.

Making the Circle

For the full effect of the circle, be sure to make a permanent physical representation of it. Take a black cloth approximately nine foot by nine foot. Use chalk to trace the outline of the circle. Once the outline is finished, place the circle on a flat surface and trace the outline with silver, fabric paint. Allow the circle to dry for about two days.

The spiritual consecration of the circle will be a little more difficult. You must have developed a verily

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strong relationship with the Spirits of the Dead. Through the power of the crossroads you will meet the Spirits of the Dead. Be cautious, as the dead will often test the new necromancer with fear.

There is only one place the circle can be consecrated into a tool for the Gods. Take the circle to a crossroad in the cemetery. Bring with you: a fresh egg, bottle of spiced rum, three silver coins and the Necromantic Circle. The egg will be a sacrifice for the spirits. The rum and the youth of the sacrifice will appease the spirits, keeping the magician as safe as possible.

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Use your intuition to find the strongest crossroad in the cemetery, known as the center "hot" point. Once you have found your ritual area, lay the circle out in the crossroads. Place the point of the "star" in the Southwest. Find the closest tree near you and smash the egg on the tree asking the spirits of the cemetery to guide and empower you. Then sprinkle the rum around the tree in a counter clockwise motion. When you feel the spirits are appeased, return to the circle.

The key to this exercise is twofold. You must follow your intuition and the guidance spirits. If at any time during this ritual you feel the spirits will not allow the consecration to take place, it is best to wait until another time. Pack up your materials, and throw the silver coins over your left shoulder with your right hand, thanking the spirits for their help. To fully charge and consecrate the circle you will need the spirits of the cemetery assistance.

Although the black magician may be tempted into forcing the obedience of the spirits, he must realize he now walks on the crossroads; where it is never known who is in charge, the Necromancer or the Spirits of the Dead. Remember you are working with these spirits, and in doing so they will be able to see what you cannot. They are able to see with the eyes of eternity; while yours are fragmented and broken.

If however, your sacrifices were accepted, then return to your circle to begin the consecration. Bring yourself into a light meditation. A gnostic trance is not necessary. Sprinkle the rum inside and outside the circle. Be sure to cover the entire area of the crossroads. When you are finished, return to the circle for one final rum pouring. Sprinkle the rum counter clockwise around the circle, and chant, "Guuu-Rahhhh-Tuuuuu." This chant

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will bring you back into a meditative state, and create waves of dead, demonic energies. Focus on the energies as they begin to circulate.

Become entranced by the buzzing of the energies now moving counter clockwise. Standing in the circle facing East, take a sip of the rum, and spray it in the East. Repeat this in the North, West and finally the South. Take a moment to feel the Spirits coagulate around you. Use your inner vision to look outside the circle. At which point did the shades begin to gather? What time is it? Can you tell night from day? Let the visions ride you.

By now your brain will be suspended just as the time outside of the circle. It is in this moment the Spirits of the Dead will tempt and test you. Do not give into any temptations they offer; this is not the time. You must stay in your God-like state to finish.

Face the off point, southeast. Take a sip of rum and spray it in that direction. Continue onto the next directions going counter clockwise. When you reach the final off point, southwest, spray the rum, and then whisper to the dead who have surrounded you, "Alash-Taka-Ruu. Open now the Circle of the Dead."

Step outside the circle on the southwest point, and meet with the dead. You must be cautious, for leaving the circle is considered unconventional and dangerous. Raise your arms in a cross like fashion. Lift you head up and speak." Spirits of the Dead, I call you into myself. Lend me your power. Lend me your souls. Pierce through me. Scar me with your essence. I invoke thee." Allow the possession of the dead to take place.

The concept of possession cannot be fully explored within this text, however you will know when the dead have taken hold of you. Your vision will often blur; you

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will taste a mixture of sulfur and dirt; the inside of your body will become as cold as winter, and the madness of this new found power will both frighten and comfort you.

Once you feel the possession of a thousand dead spirits coursing in your body, return to north side of the circle, facing south. Looking down on the circle, allow your vision to glaze over its surface. Relax your eyes, and begin to see into circle not as a sigil but as a gateway. While still having the spirits inside of you, lift your hands over the surface. Let the natural pushing of the right hand the pulling of the left to take hold of you.

Feel the power of the dead pouring through your right arm into the circle like a swarm of locusts. Sounds of bugs crawling and howling winds is quite common during this part of the ritual. If you are not able to hear them, let your mind clear and refocus. You will see the gateway flash almost like moonlight.

Not long after the gateway opens, the power will return to you, but something has changed. The power of the possessing spirits has been altered and refined. The dark energy will be thicker and much more potent. You will not cast the spirits out, but remain possessed. To purposely house these dark energies is known as **Perfect Possession**.

With the gateway fully opened, grab the rum and drink as much as physically possible. This will sate the thirst of the spirits dwelling within you. If there is any rum left over, place the bottle inside of the tree you chose earlier. Bury the circle on or near the crossroads. It is strongly recommended you sleep inside of the cemetery. Doing so will give the spirits a chance to speak with you in your dreams. Be sure to record any information you can as the spiritual amnesia will set in quickly.

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When you leave in the morning, throw the three silver coins over your right shoulder, thanking the Spirits of the Dead. Return on the new moon with three, new silver coins. Unearth your new Ritual Relic. When leaving the cemetery, throw the coins over your left shoulder.

Sacred Duke of the Second Degree

The Necromantic Triangle, also known as the Trisecta, was given to me by Master Nightthorn. The symbolism of both objects, the circle and the triangle, can be dissected into books of their own! What is important to understand about the Trisecta is it houses the power to make any spirit obey your will, especially the dead.

As this is never a proper way to approach the majority of the Infernal Empire, Death and its kind need a little persuasion to work on behalf of the Necromancer. Aligning your will with the Dead is no simple task, and until you do so, you will need all the help you can get. Note: Until you have reached a point where you have felt as the dead do, you will need to use the both the Necromantic Circle and the Trisecta. This will ensure the Necromancer is protected by the harmful whirlwind of the dead.

The Trisecta can also be used as a gateway, gaining access to a specific location in the realm of the dead. Opening the Trisecta as a gateway transports the Necromancer to Nocspecter, the sea of blood. Here lies the shades of the fallen due to magickal combat. The blood crimson sea carries the shades in a constant cycle of a whirlpool.

NECROMANTIC SORCERY



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Order of the 13th Judgment

When I first received this triangle, I was not given the exact specifications other than I could use it for necromantic evocations. My initial experience with applying it to evocation of the dead shook my soul to its core. I can still smell the blood and sulfur.

I began with preparing my temple to house the "angel" Azrael, setting out the circle and triangle respectively. I fashioned robes of black and purple with the Seal of Akasha etched on the back, and meditated in the center of the circle. In minutes I brought myself into a deep gnostic trance. The energies around me shifted, first subtle then slowly creeping to a point of chaos and entropy.

My eyes opened. Immediately something was amiss. The room was altered. My body was stiff, as if rigamortis struck me. Instead of calling for Azrael to appear, my hand snatched up the bottle of Serpent's Blood, a special concoction used to promote strong death manifestation.

I splashed the formula throughout the room and walls, with each strike bringing me closer and closer to rapture. Fear overcame me. My mind was telling me I was using far too much, but I couldn't stop. Breathing became almost impossible. When I reached the north wall, my body stopped. My head started to spin to the left with my body in stuck in place. With my neck reaching its maximum stretching point, my body turned like a screw forcing its way into wood.

It was something seen in a horror movie, my feet were dragged to the south where the godless triangle laid. I became hysteric. Each cackle brought spiritual heaviness into the room. My left arm rose straight into

NECROMANTIC SORcery

the air and began splashing again. Over and over I threw the Serpent's Blood onto the triangle.

I watched in terror as my body was forced to feed the Trisecta its remedy. With each motion I became more feeble and unable to hold up to the spiritual mass. One final laugh was force out of my throat before pouring the rest of the elixir over my entire body. Then I collapsed in front of the triangle.

I was able to lift my head just high enough to see the Trisecta in full view. It burned a brilliant indigo, and then it happened. My body gave out, making my spirit travel through the Trisecta. I remember falling from a violet sky. The initial shock wore off quickly, and fear set. I was falling toward a blood red surface. In a short time, I was able to make out bodies of black mass swirling around in a ceaseless counter clockwise circle. The screams and curses could be heard from the sky.

I slammed on top of the floating shades, but their essence was as hard as any physical body. I swam to the surface, to catch my breath. My body was flung into others fighting for their lives. "It's over," I said to myself. "Death has come to collect its dues." Soon others were climbing on top of my shoulders pushing me under the bloody water's surface. My lungs filled with liquid and I drowned for what seemed like an eternity.

I woke in my temple coughing up actual blood! My eyes were watery, and my chest burned. Swiftly I grabbed my evocation implements and turned to the Trisecta to pack it up. My heart stopped. I saw two feet covered by robes of deep purple.

My gaze crept slowly upward to meet this entity; who apparently invited himself. It was Azrael! "When did I call him," I thought to myself. His vibrations were

intense. He felt m of dead and burnt of a fear state omnipotence. He begin?"

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Order of the 13th Judgment

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intense. He felt more ancient than life itself. The stench of dead and burnt flesh filled the air. I pulled myself out of a fear state panic, pushing myself back into omnipotence. He whispered softly, "Are we ready to begin?"

To receive initiation, you are to summon Azrael into the Trisecta and perform any requests he asks of you. Soon you will come to know the great secret of the Order of the 13th Judgment. A secret that had me stumped for some time.

Archduke

I called on Azrael to find any secrets of the dead he would be willing to teach me. He is known to the Angel of Death. In my mind I knew he know something. All the uncertainty made me mad. I became crazed. I was addicted to the power and presence of the dead. Their words were too sweet to resist, and in this maddened state I called the Angel of Death before it was my time to die.

There he stood in the triangle, patiently waiting for me to bring myself back together. "I have many things to do child. You have been calling out to me for some time. I am here to answer your call," he said with thunder in his voice. I composed myself and said, "This is the first time I have called you. I call you into this triangle, the sacred Trisecta, to obey my will. I wish to know how to control the dead."

"You know of nothing child. I am not bound by this geometrical figure. Life and Death do not bind me, but they do bind you. You are clouded by ambition. You

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want truth. What if there is no truth? What if all is but an illusion, a reflection of another life or death?"

I was lost in the Angel's words. "Here this. You have called me by another name, but I am here to tell you that I am he. This is your first truth."

"Are you telling me that you are also Akasha-Subterfuge?"

"That is correct. My voice is heard in many forms. He is one of them. We are same, and we are different. This is my appearance, and his is the snake. We come in the form you are ready to receive."

The shock of it all hitting me. I was being played like a puppet. Is it possible Master John Nightthorn knew of this? If so, what were his reasons? My anger burned deep within me. "Spirit, I know not whether to force you under my will or simply align myself with you. I wish to know the dead. I accept I alone cannot force their obedience, but spirit hear my plea. Teach me. Teach me the ways of the dead. I want to know how to serve and be served."

His image began to fade, and my heart dropped. I thought all was lost. I would never know the secrets of the dead. His faint voice made it through the echo of space and time, "Call me using the Circle and Trisecta. Call me every night for fourteen days, starting on the new moon. I will give you the secrets you desire."

Archduke of Judgment

The initiation of passing the last lesson and this one, is to work with Azrael using the circle and triangle. With each person the process of initiation will come

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differently. This is a personal ascension of the soul. You will have to use a broad lay out and apply any teachings you have learned thus far. The dead react to every soul differently, but one thing is certain. To command obedience, you must first serve. You will have to serve as long as they deem necessary. Power comes with a price.

Go to the cemetery on a Friday at midnight. Take with you all the necessary implements for an evocation and some white chalk. Your entire ritual will be laid over an open gate, The Gate of the Cemetery. Draw and open the gate. Lay out the circle and two Trisectas for the evocation of Azrael. You will be using the Seal of Akasha to call him.

With the Trisectas in place set one black candle on each point of the triangle. Place a censer in the center of each triangle. Your incense will be composed of: three drops of Serpent's Blood, graveyard dirt, sulfur, human hair, powder from a crushed, human, finger bone and three earthworms dried out. Have the mixture dried out and wrapped around the Seal of Akasha for three days before using in evocation.

Place the incense inside of the censers, and sprinkle Serpent's Blood throughout the area. Draw the Seal of Akasha in the center of the two Trisectas, and place the opened bottle in the center. Sit inside of the circle with your staff, tapping it against a grave stone. Tap the tombstone in a series of beats. Each beat will consist of three taps on the stone and then a pause. Mock the holy trinity, and arouse the anger of the unrested spirits.

Take in your surroundings. Feel the cemetery awake from your presence. By now the dead have grown used to your constant meddling. This will create a love

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hate relationship, and in the eyes of the Necromancer this is as normal as it can get. Grip the staff firmly. Sense the spirits of the cemetery, Akasha and now Azrael inside the staff. What you hold is a relic of the damned, and you are now damned. You have transformed yourself into another state of being.

With the incense burning strong, call out to Akasha-Subterfuge. "Spirit who has deceived me. Spirit who has given me power over the dead, I am ready to receive your essence." Peer into the next Trisecta and call out to Azrael. "Spirit who has deceived me. Spirit who has granted me power over the dead, I am ready to receive you." When the two have come into manifestation, greet them as the gods you all are. "The Trinity of the Dead have risen. Let the dead witness our transformation, the only transformation."

Step out of the circle into the seal between the Trisectas. Lift your arms to the sky, holding the staff. With a deep breath in cast out all of your humanity. Whatever the spirits have not torn off, throw away. You no longer walk in the realm of men and women, but through the gates of Hell. Embrace the cemetery. Embrace Akasha-Subterfuge. Embrace Azrael. Embrace all of the dead. Soak yourself with rum and Serpent's Blood, and say, "I give the dead my final sacrifice. The only sacrifice I have left. I give you myself and everything I am."

The two spirits will leave their respected triangles. Everything up to this point has been a formality; now the doors are opened, and they can never be closed. See the massive, black whirlwind circulating around you. There is no circle or triangle to protect you. No ward or seal. You stand at the center of an invocation, but not just any

invocation. You possess you etc

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The day after I performed this rite, I found myself detached. I was free. Free not to care about anything, true liberation. I was damned, and I knew my path. In that moment a hand touched my shoulder. I looked up and saw HIM. The Father of All Black Magick.

Sanctified Archduke First Degree

For this lesson you will need to align yourself with a historical figure of the past, but not just any historical figure will do. You will have to summon a person who knew fear before his death. Saul from the Old Testament within the book of Second Samuel will work perfectly. His last state of mind was a fear of death, anger toward his armor barer and cowardice of facing his own death. Recorded in the book of Second Samuel, Saul was forced to retreat into various caves and hideouts, continuously "dodging death", however it soon found him. When he withdrew into his last corner, he fell upon his weapon to end his life, followed by his armor barer, both of their last thoughts were that of subjection and fear.

1. You will have to evoke Azrael, and have him to guide you to this event. You will see the role play out in front of you. Pay attention to detail. See the stone walls. Hear the shouts of anger, scared men. Feel the atmosphere.
2. Once you have seen his death and returned to your ritual room, record any results of your working. Attempt to gather every bit of detail into writing. Reenact the event after dismissing Azrael. Try to

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align the death inside of your ritual area. In your mind, reconstruct the killings in the area.

3. Perform this evocation and soul travel at least nine times. With each run-through you will notice something different from the last time you were there. Record any new information.
4. Spend at least three days after the nine days journey to study the information you have received. Align your ritual room with the room where the killings occurred.
5. The powers of the dead lie in the form of a grid. There are multiple crossroads where the spirits and man can meet. These are plots within the grid. The grid can lie inside, outside or run parallel with time. The power of an entity such as Azrael, is to be able to move the grid around in any fashion. Now Bring Azrael into physical manifestation. Have him lay the two areas over one another, so where Saul has died is now your ritual room.
6. Ask Azrael, "Open now the gate, so I may walk through it. Give me your power to move the **Spiritual Grid.**" Proceed through the door. **WARNING:** You will not be able to turn back after you perform this rite. You will have to continue onto the following lessons. If you do not, you risk all of the dead turning against you.

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Sanctified Archduke of the Second Degree

1. This is a continuation from the previous assignment. Instead of traveling to the event, bring it into your temple.
2. Assemble your ritual area to receive the vision. With Azrael at your side you will be able to bring the event into your temple.
3. Have a glass or chalice of wine or blood set up where Saul met his cruel ending. With Azrael's power bid the wine to take on the alchemical change from wine into the very blood of Saul! You may use this for any base that requires blood of another, however it will be drastically violent. This technique can come in handy, when you require even human sacrificing. Channeling this event is only a lesson on how you may channel *all* events. To be able to move on the grid freely is the real lesson.

Hierophant

From the lesson of Hierophant and onward it does not matter if you receive initiations. The spirits will recognize you and your title, when you complete the given rituals and tasks. This is another showing of the Saturnian energies, recognition is initiation.

1. You will be constructing not just any altar, but a Saturnian Altar. The altar will be a focal point of the crossroads. Using what you have learned from Azrael, you will be able to astrally move your altar to any crossroads you desire. The power of Saturn

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will guide you on its dark rings toward a new horizon. Use the altar you have made previously.

2. Place the altar on top of an open seal of the Gate of the cemetery.
3. Evoke the energies of Saturn and allow your altar to be carried over through the gates and hidden doors. Direct it with the power of Azrael over the hidden astral hot points.
4. Let the altar sit for nine days. Be sure not to touch the altar during this period. It is going through massive transformations, and touching it will destroy the substantial link you have worked so hard to create.

Black Hierophant

The mission of the Black Hierophant is to gather images, ritual relics and any other means of Saturnian Necromantic Power for the altar. Let the spirits who possess you reach out into your world. The following must be set onto the altar at all times: human skull - this will be used for spirit possession, two purple and two black candles. When the spirits come to speak with you, direct them to continue the conversation through the skull. This will give you firm control over the ritual, the seal of Azrael holding the spirit within the skull.

Grand Hierophant Judgment

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Grand Hierophant of the Order of the 13th Judgment

The Grand Hierophant is the first position of the order that gives you a student. Though you may join the order having mastered the heavens and the earth, to teach another how to communicate with the dead effectively requires you to be passed through several flames of initiations. The initiations are not truly necessary, but the experience you gain from the lessons contained in this text need to be second nature.

You will need to know the dead, so well in fact, you will be required to share all information with a non-initiate. To teach another of the dead, is the Grand Hierophant's task. Do not take this lightly, as the spirits of the dead are not through with teaching you.

Sanctified Hierophant of the Order of the 13th Judgment

You will need to have vast experiences with the dead. You will need to move your Saturnian Altar all over Death's Spectrum, including non-western idealism on the dead. In reality, you have only learned a few aspects of the dead. Their full lessons and initiations are yet to come.

Walk with them. Let them devastate your enemies; may they die by your hands. You must become death. No longer is "feeling it within" enough. You will become death. Move as it does. Strike down those you dare. May no one stand in your way. To truly obtain this, you will need to dedicate years of servitude. There is one challenge you will have to persevere. The dead will

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destroy your body, relationships, belongings and everything else in your life. When you are faced with this, how will you act?

If you have responded the only way you can, a door will open. It won't open in front or before you, but within your soul. The cold touch of death will feel like a sweet dream. Nightmares will no longer give you fatigue, but rest. This is the Sanctified Hierophant of the Order of the 13th Judgment.

Lord of Noctis

There are only two positions in the Lords of Noctis. Each are represented by the ritual relic you possess. They are not important in any real way. What the rituals do is allow the magician to completely break free from society and embrace all that is evil. You will experience true liberation of the soul. You will no longer have a master over you.

Skull of Patricide

The Lords of Noctis is not an initiation but a crucial turning point for the Necromancer. You must turn against your spiritual mother or father and kill him. To be clear this must not be your real mother or father, unless they are your spiritual parents as well. You will be committing an act so unholy it will scar your entire vessel, making it impossible to be possessed by anything blight or angelic ever again, moreover they must give you their blessing willingly. To obtain these things may prove to be quite a task, however the power of it exceeds any you may imagine.

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Having the permission of your spiritual father, have him ingest a lethal amount of the opium flower. Allow his mind to fall into the black abyss. Tie him down to a chair or sturdy table. Cut your left hand and place an inverted cross of blood on his forehead. Call to the Dead and start to saw off his head. His body will fight for it still feels pain, but the soul is resting. It is resting at the top of the head.

When the head is off of the body, place your right hand on the top of the head and your left on the Zeal Chakra. State: "By the Power of the Dead, give me my ancestor's soul. Bind him to this state. Bind him to his skull. Bring me his life, and may it be bound to me." The spirit of the mentor will forever lie within the skull. Proper usage and teachings can come from the spirit within the relic. As a teacher in life, may he also be in death. Bury the head in a white cloth on the full moon. Return twenty-eight days later to retrieve the relic. You may clean the skull of any remaining fragments of skin or sinew.

Staff of Matricide

Remove the head of the spiritual mother and prepare it in the same fashion. When it is clean, smash it down with heat and pressure. Take a staff, which is to be prepared just as mentioned earlier, and drill a hole from the top to the middle.

Take the dust of your spiritual mother's skull, and place it inside the staff. Now cork the staff, and bury it wrapped in a purple cloth for one year and a day.

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It is said to own one of these relics is far too dangerous, but to have them both is suicide. The powers will surely overwhelm the necromancer's mind and spirit. With his body already broken down, he will be nothing more than a pawn by the dead energies. Be careful how far you venture, because sometimes there is no turning around.

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Chapter Five: The Book of Azrael

The Book of Azrael is designed to be used with the lessons of the Order of the 13th Judgment. It was while I was in between the lessons of the order that each spirit came to me. The spirits professed they were from Akasha-Azrael. The exact manifestation of him is not needed. You only need to recognize that Akasha-Subterfuge and Azrael are one in the same. Each spirit has rule ship over areas of life and death and everything in between. Their sigils need no square or lesson layout; they may be used directly. They are given birth through Saturn, the creator of all things physical.

The Gate of the Cemetery and the Gate of Saturn are the same image. They only change meaning in how they are applied. The Gate of the Cemetery is the physical gateway the necromancer may travel through to receive many visions and powers by the spirits Akasha-Subterfuge or Azrael. The exact causality will vary on the ritual and the spirit. Opening this up in a crossroads will open a "door" into the realm of the dead, giving you access into what is rarely seen with human eyes.

The Gate of Saturn usage will make a bridge to any culture or form of magick, bypassing any initiation necessary to be a part of the tradition you are attempting to align yourself with. Saturn gives birth to all things

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physical. Bringing yourself to the Gate of Saturn to make a bridge into an unknown tradition is child's play, however what is difficult is understanding what you have crossed into. Be sure to study the religion or sect of magick you wish to enter, *before* you open this gate.

Azrael

As previously clarified, I first received Azrael's sigil after working with his other half, Akasha-Subterfuge. When I performed the ritual of calling them both inside of myself, an image flashed before my eyes, this image. Azrael is said to be the Angel of Death, however my own workings with him have shown me he is far from any angle.

He appears as a large, white old man dressed in a heavy purple cloak. He carries a small scythe in his left hand and a scale in the other. He will weigh the heart of the caller against that of a feather, similar to that of the Egyptians. If the caller's heart is true, he will reveal all the secrets he knows of death along with his familiars.

Akasha-Subterfuge

This is the counterpart of Azrael. He will teach the nature of poisons and toxins one can use in necromancy. He can show the magician the secret connection of how the dead with physical materials. He will show the magician visions of those who are about to pass over to the next life. He can also show the necromancer how to build armies of undead around himself.

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Conutora

Conutora is a young man with hazel colored hair. He often wears it back clipped by a jade hairpin. He wears the gown of a Judge. He can grant the magician the death of another if it is well deserved. The exact method he uses to determine if death is deserved is unknown, however providing him an offering of a book on philosophy gives him great pleasure. If you wish to have this spirit at your side, bury a copy of a book on philosophy with the picture of the person you desire to die.

Planath'Raeni

Planath'Raeni is a feminine spirit of spite. She sees death as the ultimate end of all things, because of this she is determined to bring all good things to an end. She will destroy lives, finances, relationship and anything considered "good" for the soul. She is a thin hag. She carries a long rope, said to drag everything to the grave.

Recro'Thundath

He is a mature black gentleman with a sick sense of humor. He wears an old black and white suit. It appears to be dusty. He is said to keep himself trapped inside of old libraries. His knowledge of the dead is great, especially the history of the rise and fall of everything that ever was or will be.

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Alas'Kuleav

He can teach the magician how to control any serpent physical or spiritual by the correct vibration of his name. The master of serpents, he holds all knowledge of any snake. He can teach the necromancer how to enter and leave doors just as a serpent does. He has olive toned skin and bears snakes all over his naked body.

Mefekel

He is the master of spiders. It requires the mastery of more subtle energies and movements to manipulate spiders. Through Mefekel the necromancer will learn the essential properties spiders and other arachnids have in the astral kingdoms. He is a twelve foot tarantula with silver fur. Additionally, he has a scorpion's tail and stinger.

Sanu-Nateah

The Tree of Life and Death have roots. These roots hold the secrets of the entire Infernal Empire. There are many assorted spirits who either guard or travel to the roots, however Sanu-Nateah is the Roots incarnate. Seek him out for hidden information on the Infernal Kingdoms. Perhaps the greatest secret he will share, is that every spirit, being, entity etc., all originate from the Infernal Empires. When evoked, he will appear as a mass of roots covered in dirt and webs.

These are the spirits who follow Azrael so closely. As there are countless others that can be found and recorded, it is in my experience the above spirits have the

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best and most direct knowledge. Traveling to each one of these spirits will provide a nice additional pathworking to go with the lessons of the Order of the 13th Judgment.

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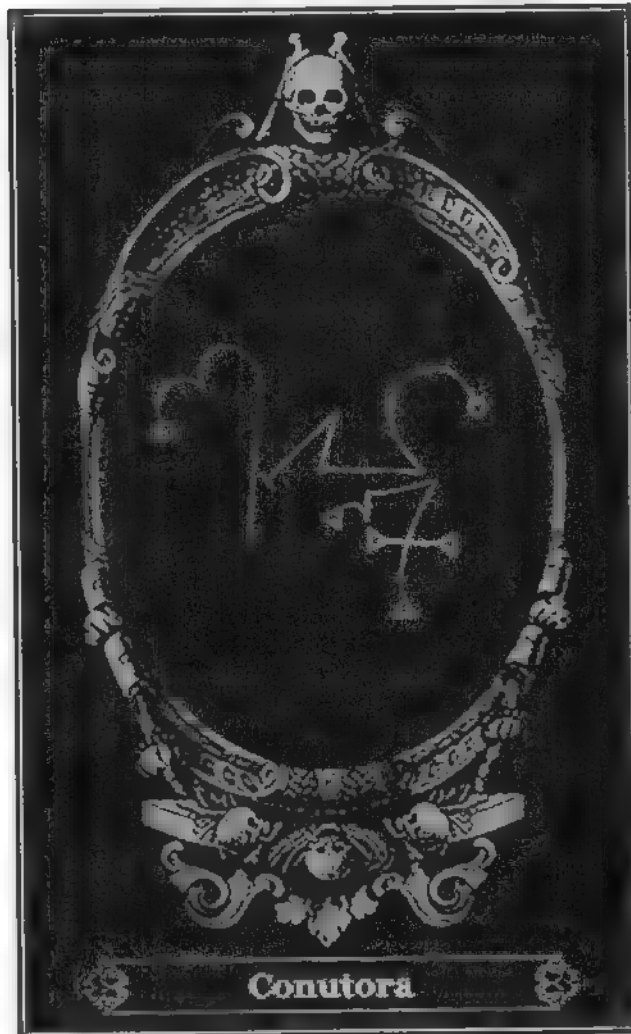
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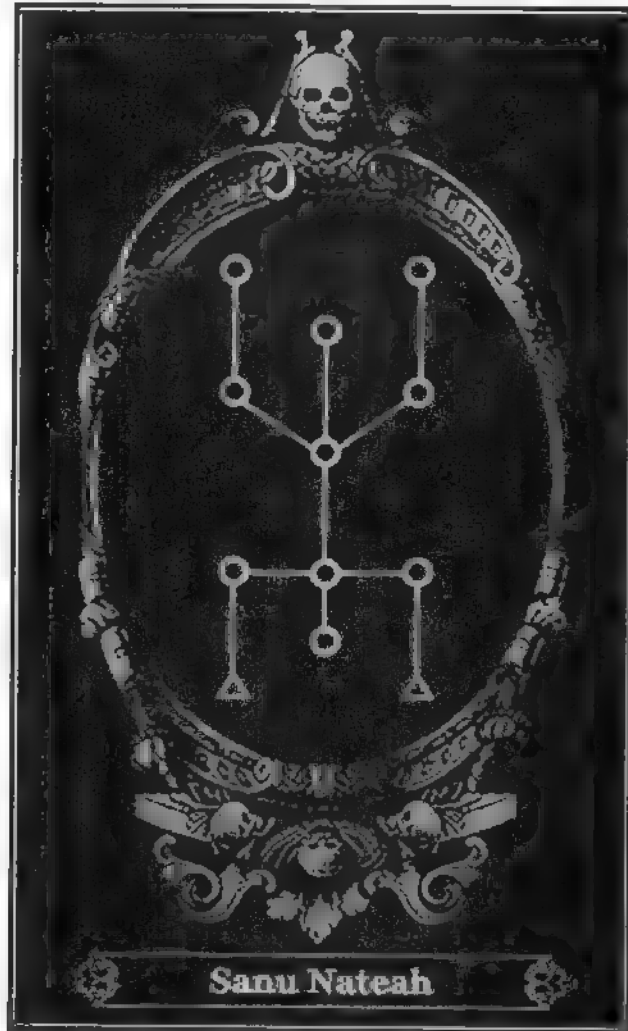
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Chapter Six: Old Gods of a New Path

The Death Gods or the Lords of Death are spiritual deities of the death current. They carry with them legions of spirits who guide and protect their realm of reality. The knowledge they carry is vast, from herbs, bones and relics to spiritual alchemy with the focus primarily on how the alchemical reaction of the death current affects life, though only a small veil separates the two. If you have received the initiations from the Order of the 13th Judgment, moreover put the lessons into practice, substantially connected to the Death Current and decided to beyond Necromancy 101, then you may be ready to serve the Death Gods.

Working with the Gods of Death will be unlike an experience you may have had thus far. The worship of each God will dement your mind, however your soul will be reborn anew with each pathworking. Its vile, corrupted wickedness courses through your veins. The call to break free from your mortal shell screams in your mind. Suicide, is it the only way out? Is it possible you have achieved a level of living that others simply could never understand?

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No, you have simply just begun to sink into the darkened state of your subconscious. Your subconscious mind will merge with your conscious mind, giving you the vision of the dead, the eternal sight. The terrifying realization that the dead do not walk amongst you or simply pass by you, but you walk and live among them is disturbing to say the least. Yes, you live in their world. Though they are just one step to the left; you are just becoming aware. Open your eyes, young one. Your madness has reached an essential milestone.

Record the exact moment of your descent into madness, the Dark Night of the Soul. Embracing your madden delusions of true reality, is the key to understanding the unconscious of yourself, and in time, the Collective Unconscious Mind. Enjoy it; drowned yourself in it, feeling the burn of its penetrating darkness in your soul. The Gods of Death will recognize you as a real seeker of knowledge on the unseen, the forbidden aspects of the Death Current.

I lost myself both within and without; the dead had me spinning in circles, and I was trying to figure out where and who I was. I found myself pushing away any friends I had at the time. There was a weaning of kinship with others. Working with Azrael so deeply made me realize I needed to surround myself with others who live in Power, the dark undertow.

The madness had me lost in its winding roads through my subconscious mind. The spirits told me in order for me to better understand them I must first understand myself; I would have to break down the barriers that were placed in my mind from childhood, possibly even my

birth. I was to were. I would life would be. mind will need resonance.

Perform God will guide you can receive spiritually you chemical know in the brain. ■ drink or powder to access the mind. You will Within the re converge your the greatest Singularity.

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birth. I was to remove all obstacles no matter what they were. I would receive visions and prophecy of what my life would be. Upon completion of the workings your mind will need to be destroyed and remade with new resonance.

Performing the pathworking rituals of each Death God will guide you to absorbing all esoteric knowledge you can receive thus far, but to destroy and kill yourself spiritually you will need the assistance of another and a chemical known as D.M.T. This is a chemical produced in the brain, behind the Ajna Chakra, used to make tea to drink or powder to smoke. By using this, you will be able to access the deepest of your subconscious minds. Yes, mind. You will be able to understand who you truly are. Within the realm of the Elves you will learn how to converge your unconscious and conscious minds. Such is the greatest gift of Saturnian Necromancy, the Singularity.

If you do not wish to have those memories, which are locked deep within your cranium, freed, then you will be manipulated in staying trapped into your delusions and madness. This mind state is quite enjoyable at this stage. The Saturnian Necromancer will be able to enjoy the thoughts, screams and moans in his mind, however the potion is bittersweet. If you reach this state one of three things will most certainly happen: making several attempts at suicide and finally being successful, being mentally unstable and controlled by the dead or rising above this pitiful state of wholly unnecessary submission. You will need to break down any "walls" you have built up in your head, so you can deal with the painful memories you have endured.

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Simply smoking D.M.T. will give you access into the realm of your own subconscious mind. Once you have the chemical in your body continue to ingest it until you reach a black state of consciousness. This is the gate into the subconscious. The exact trip or high is different for everyone, however one group of spirits are always present. They are the D.M.T. Elves. Throughout the years they have been called by many names. They appear as solid white or an ethereal spectral.

After your first few attempts with D.M.T. you will need to get yourself accustomed to the aftershock. This chemical pushes the seeker right to the point of nothingness. Follow your subconscious wherever it may lead you. Learn their secrets. You will find they will be able to teach you how to move vibrations and create music through movements of light. Allow your subconscious to surface. Feel it; connect to it. Push yourself to do the unthinkable, accept who you are. Returning from your journey, there is a strong possibility you will lose your memory of whom you are or how you got to be where you are.

This is normal. You have walked with spirits who are observable only when your subconscious is opening. You walked into a realm that resides both within and without you. The ride of the journey has pressured your core to no longer understand itself as two separate individuals sharing the same body, but one force recognizing itself subjectively. It will be quite intense, perhaps too much for some. Be forewarned, in my line of work I meet many interesting characters. Some of them are hardcore drug abusers. An old buddy of mine said he

would rather take twenty hits of acid while smoking meth before he would ever do D.M.T again.

This drug appears to be only for those who are willing seek unification with their subconscious mind. Learn from the elves. They will teach you how to move light and vibration, the creation of all living matter. Bring this back to your physical reality. Create time and space with the techniques you have learned. The Gods of the Dead know this information as well, but to obtain it from them will require time, dedication, worship, diligence and most importantly patience.

Their currents carry vast knowledge with it. When I fell into its violent river of lost souls, I experienced this knowledge first hand. It lies dormant within us all, waiting for the moment our physical bodies to give up the ghost, and for Kundalini, the life-giving serpent, to fade. This "knowledge" becomes unlocked within you and all of us at the precise time of Death. This must be fully explored by the Saturnian Necromancer.

Death is the observer of the subjective consciousness, accepting that it is his or her time to transcend into the next reality of existence. That very transition terrifies anyone on their death bead, except for the Saturnian Necromancer. He has merged his subconscious, which is the entire driving force behind all that he is, with his conscious mind. The singularity has shattered all walls within his mind. He has gained scientific validations of the dead throughout his lifetime.

He is ready for his choice, to die or not to die. By learning the secrets of the Under Current, Death will pass over his house every night. There is no special visit for the "end"

NECROMANTIC SORCERY

of this life for the Necromancer. Instead he stares death into his cold, lifeless eyes and simply says, "No." Death will obey the necromancer, but after living life for so long and seeing so many lost, would you want to continue?

Regardless of whatever choice you will decide in the spiritual transcendence with Death, you will need to make binds, pacts and arrangements with as many powerful dead there are. The Death Current carries with it tremendous amounts of energy, spirits and entities.

The dead have gathered enough power to effect changes on their own. The Death Gods, or the Lords of the Dead, are no exception. Though each has its own realm or kingdom within to reside, they will often be in contact with one another, if only for the pathworking for the necromancer.

In order to work with any Lord of the Dead, you must submerged yourself into the culture or tradition of which They are a part. Each Lord is granted a set amount of knowledge on the dead and how to work with its current. Some of the Gods of the Dead are just death essence in its purest form, while others have multiple forms known throughout the universe. The Gods of Death are "bridges" Who were made and built to understanding, serving and ruling the dead. The process of working with them will lead you to another path and another.

A Sympathetic Imagination is not just an ability of the intellect. It is also a component of Godlike power. The word "imagine" has quite the long etymology. It means to form an image of something within one's mind.

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The imagination is therefore the vortex of forming a new empire of profound possibilities. A fully functioning human brain operates using high and low frequencies. These frequencies used in a prepared ritual setting will lie out spiritual arms, reaching for higher Intelligences. Using the Sympathetic Imagination, diving into the God's original culture, will create images and connections to Them and Their Realms.

When you meditate and reach down into the lower worlds in hopes of connecting with your deity, use the knowledge you have gained to place yourself into a mind state of one who lives in a world of the dead. You will see yourself living with death reaching for your God, your bridge to immortality.

The best way to begin to understand the Lords of the Dead and Their secrets is to prepare yourself as given in this chapter. I would never recommend this to anyone who has not developed proficiency in Soul Travel, Evocation and Divination. All three of these Godlike Powers, and are needed to obtain precise results while in the presence of a God of Death. The Lords are far superior to other death like entities, and they require the necromancer to have massive power and meet certain specifications to be able to learn from them. This is definitely a process that can take years of understandings and teachings, or you can simply take the backdoors into each one. This is much faster, however your life will literally be on the line.

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The Saturnian Necromancer will learn how to set up Their temples, altars, tools and anything else that is mandatory, while working with a particular Death God. Each of Them have a variety of differences, special tendencies and unique personalities. The Saturnian Necromancer will be connecting all the worlds within the Underworld itself.

To work with gods and deities, religious or spiritual, in the format of ascension you will need to have laid out several acts of devotion before approaching the God directly. This I have found to be the easiest and fastest way of obtaining information from any God or Goddess. Devotion, and the acts thereof, lay groundwork that is necessary for true connection with the deity. By following this format the Saturnian Necromancer will be able to reach to these thrones of Death in just twenty-eight days, instead of years of dedication, only to come to the same realizations.

The acts of devotion could never be laid out so precisely as in E.A. Koetting's grimoire, *Evoking Eternity: Forbidden Rites of Evocation*. In the last chapter the practitioner will find the five acts of devotion laid out clearly and easy to understand:

The first level of devotion is intellectual. In devoting yourself to the god or goddess that you wish to summon, you should commence a thorough study of it, ciphering through the texts which declare the nature and the personality of the deity. You will most benefit from your intellectual pursuit in returning to the most ancient sources, those cultures who first received spiritual transmissions from the go.

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Here the Saturnian Necromancer must adhere to studying the Death God he or she wishes to summon. Search any grimoire you can find. With today's technology such information is a mere keystroke away. Find the culture from which the Death Gods heirs. Study it and its association to the God. Submerge yourself into a Sympathetic Imagination, which is the ability to place oneself into the mindset of another without any biases or judgments. Feel the knowledge pour into your mind through the God's long finer scratching your head.

The second level of devotion is devotion itself. The vital aspect here is an unspoken communion with your God. Once that communion has been achieved, your day may begin with God in your heart.

If you wish to obtain the knowledge of a Death God, you will have to devote every waking minute directed toward that particular God. You must worship He or She with every step, every breath. I have found, while working with the Death Gods, one method that seems to be universal for vast majority of Them. Dedicate a piece of leather made from a pig or goat. Die the leather black, and keep this on your person until you have finished your Pathworking.

Make a temple for the God you are going to summon. Dedicate at least an entire area to house the god of which you wish to align yourself. Decorate the area with the appropriate adornments. Block any light from this area. The Gods you will be calling mask themselves in darkness; it would be kind to have them feel life they are at home.

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Feel the intellectual knowledge pour into your spiritual mind. Make articles of clothing fashioned in the manner of your God or Goddess. Set aside a set time of day you will return to the temple to bless it and burn candles or incense. Exact timing will vary. Some Gods of Death will ask you to come at the darkest of hours or early in the morning.

The third level of devotion is association. Evoke one entity who is subservient to your deity. Question them concerning the deity itself and the ritual by which you may evoke it.

Though they may not be listed in this text, it is quite important to evoke multiple entities, who are under the God you are to summon. Through your intellectual immersion and devotion, you will find multitudes of legions under each Death God. Seek out the chiefs, barons and lords under each god. Command them by the power of death to reveal to you any and every detail of the God. Seek them and pursue your road of breaking through the illusion.

The fourth level of devotion is preparation. It is in this step that the basic preparations for the ritual of evocation are made, in accordance with the guidance given by the emissaries of the deity that you have evoked. There may be times more often than not, that these preparations will take days or weeks for the procuring of specific elements of the ritual, or for any additional personal preparations which you have been guided.

There is an inherent danger and fatal risk in even the most simple forms of evocation (and substantial contact with Death Gods), and this is only multiplied

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when attempting to summon forth a being whose power can cause the oceans to drown the highest mountains. Only great care in adhering to the instructions that you are given will temper the walls of your Temple and the cells of your body to withstand the inferno when the God returns.

Preparation will begin the moment you decide to contact the death deity of your choice. Each step you take is as valuable as the breath in your lungs or the blood in your heart. With every action you perform, you will gather the attention of the God, one step at a time. Surrounding yourself with imagery, trinkets and ritual relics, creating a Temple or Sanctuary while contacting the Gods underlings will empower you, and you will feel the essence of the God with you.

For the most part, you will be working with the Death Gods in a twenty-eight day period. Every moment will be directed toward preparation of evocation and Godform Assumption. To achieve such a high level of magickal adeptness will require you to dedicate yourself only to the God and Its servants. This will require time, patience and above all dedication.

The fifth level of devotion is sacrifice. All things that are enduring must be seeded in blood. A god is never evoked to run some simple errand or to do some Magickal favor, but is summoned forth to make a lasting change in the world, to herald in a new Aeon, and to bring about the apocalyptic final harvest which allows Eden to blossom once more. The Gods demand sacrifices, and these must be met in order to bring them into manifestation.

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The Gods and Goddesses of Death will call you to perform ■ sacrifice, and yes, blood will be required. Blood of any kind holds massive potential energy, and human blood carries the power of a God. It carries with it physical DNA of seership and godliness. The sacrifices the Death Gods ask will be a price you must deeply consider. Some may require days of your time for prayer; while others will ask for the forbidden, human sacrifice, and to obtain Godform Assumption you may be instructed to eat human flesh of a dead sacrifice. Each sacrifice for every God will vary for every adept, however blood will be spilled, animal or human.

The fulfillment of the blood sacrifice provides the Saturnian Necromancer direct contact with the Gods of the Death Current. You will gain the connection your soul desires. You will be able to receive all the knowledge each God or Goddess has to offer, but only after you have dedicated yourself to the five devotions of the summoner.

Such requirements of summoning the Gods, will sort out the everyday magician from the necromancer. To be able to push pass yourself and law or social barrier built by society, may prove to be difficult, moreover you will find yourself trembling, as you prepare your soul to meet with the deity, and soon become it.

The power of each deity is enough to drive the most stable sorcerer mad, and human sacrifice will begin to "feel" right, only to be affirmed by the results of his prophetic abilities and unbelievable manifestations.

When a sacrifice is given, the essence explodes like an uncontrolled explosive, unless the spirit or operator directs the crux. If a human sacrifice is ever present, the

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transitional shift of the soul explodes like a black star, creating eternal scars into the Aeon. If the God asks, you will give, and in return powers unfathomable.

Akasha-Subterfuge and Azrael

My first experience with a Death God was completely unintentional. I was going for a walking to clear my mind. Walking while under a meditative state, grants me a relaxation similar to that of the **Rapture State**. During my walking meditation, I was seeking absolution. I wanted to be free of the powerlessness of which I placed myself. Death was in the air, and I was lead right to the man who would change my view on death completely, John.

The card he slipped into my hand weighed heavily on my heart. I worked through the serpent's web of confusion. I was trying to patch everything together while working with his two personas. I fought my way through his hidden mysteries. The current shifted my alignment with the Aeon and shifted my ascent into worlds unknown.

Here are ■ few inscriptions from my personal journal as I descended down this God's rabbit hole, and entered into his madness:

Entry One: My Descent

Through the Order of the 13th Judgment, I was able to gain new perceptions, insights and views on the dead I never thought possible. I can't

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believe the exact timing of it all. I have worked with Azrael as much as I possibly could. I devoted exactly ninety days to learn his wisdom. I think I found the connection to it all.

Entry Seven: Saturn's Riddle

Saturn conceives all matter that is born. The dark rings bring death to life, and with the reverse flow, life into death. I feel mad. Once everything settled and the initial shock of it all weaned, I saw everything more clearly. Azrael must be a god, and he made the dead noticed me. I was walking amongst the shades and dead servitors, when one of the gods chose me. Why? I'm not entirely certain.

Entry Thirteen: The Gates Wait For Me

Azrael has shown me the pathway to the astral spectrum, where physical reality ends and the spiritual world begins. I drifted into space and willed myself toward Saturn. I was cradled in his black robes. I could feel his cold temperature rush through me. I walk Saturn's rings, seeing spiritual bodies take form and leave as quickly as they came. When I returned, I saw a large gateway, his gateway. I will press forward; I will know what is on the other side.

Entry Twenty-Four: Madness or Sanity?

I stepped into the truth. I am not insane. I know everything. The dead speak to me; no!, they scream, or is it a whisper? I see them all around me. The shades follow me, not in darkness or ritual but daylight! I have seen the unseen. I have heard the unheard. Fear. Pain. Pleasure. They are all the same. Surely, I am mad. No, it can't be. They are wrong, all of them. I see truth, pure truth.

Entry Thirty-Nine: Code Deciphered

My thoughts are no longer my own. Were they even mine to begin with? How far have I come? How far do I have to go? Where am I? I don't know, but I have recorded all the information that was given to me by Azrael. I was given the prophecy of my life. I will place myself on the forefront. I shall see my birthright played out. I command armies of the dead, but it's all an illusion. All of it, even life itself!

It was through Azrael's Gate I gained information on the masses of the dead. Armies will rise in my name. They have already. Pain is but purification of the eternal, black flame.

Suffering is needed to understand not just the dead but also the kingdom I will build, one of illusion. The illusion will be as persistent as the physical worlds.

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As an emperor of my kingdom a truth was whispered to me from behind my inner temple's curtain. "An Emperor does not rule his kingdom but serves it. He is the focal point from which all gain their power. Serve and you shall rule; rule and you will serve. One is the same as the other." To obtain all knowledge and wisdom I need to forsake the reaction of internal magick but seek the cause of it. I can feel it. I'm close...

Last Entry: Following the Yellow Brick Road

I have built a strong relationship with Azrael and his chief spirits. Though the initial connection was through the Order of the 13th Judgment, I have recognized why they would worship this entity as a deity. His power surpasses many demons I have encountered, and his knowledge of life, death and rebirth fascinates me. He has led me to another deity that promises reward of Necromantic Proficiency.

Reading just a few of my notes will give the practitioner a partial understanding of what happens when digging too deep into the current of necromancy, but all things are necessary. To obtain information that only the gods of death can give you, you must be willing to give up the one thing you can never get back, your sanity. Sacrifice it. Let it go, and experience the richness of the dead. The powers of prophecy and sight will be

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given to you. You will be able to connect and manipulate the current's power, which lies dormant within your core.

The hidden door lies just on the base of your skull. If you can open this, all powers will be open unto you. There will be no secret you cannot know, nor ability out of reach. Seek the tree. Seek its death, life and rebirth. Swim in its roots to come out of the Zeal, reborn not a servant but a King!

Erebus: The Eyes of a Black Magician

As I laid in my bed on a dark night, Azrael whispered a familiar name to me, "Erebus." It was an entity I never personally worked with, however his fame is quite known. His roots tie from current history to the Romans, and if you travel history far enough, the Greeks. The widely known, Greek poet, Hesiod, wrote an infamous poem, illustrating the pantheon of the first five gods, the *Theogony*. "Through Chaos begat Erebus. He shall be darkness and every part of darkness will be him."

Erebus is said to be the incarnation of darkness. There isn't much folklore on him, however what is known is Erebus is both a plane of existence, lying between earth and Hades, and a physical embodiment of a spirit. He is said to be a primordial spirit, adhering not to tradition but to the laws of the shadows. Since he is the shadow it would be safe to say he works for himself. All who die must pass through his realm, wherever their final destination is.

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Though according to mythos, he is considered to be important as a god of a plane of existence between the living and the dead, he is not referenced in any traditional manner. He lies in the shadows. He is the shadow. At night while little children are tucked into their comfy beds, he watches, waits and lingers, never to attack but to observe. With my workings with him I have noticed he keeps his own records on human nature.

If the practitioner has yet to experience what is known as the **Dark Night of the Soul**, then Erebus will be a great start. Working with this deity will force the magician into submission, for the lingering of the shadow's power is enough to take any headstrong magician to his knees. Serve and you will rule. His incarnation of darkness will aid any spiritually blinded magician quite well.

When summoned into appearance, I have found his essence appears first as a solidified mass of dark spiritual energy, so dark, he can black out any candles held on the triangular points of the Trisecta. Compared to some of the other gods, Erebus is pretty simple. He requires little amounts of your time, and if he ever insists on something the magician must or mustn't do, it is highly recommended to listen to him well. He will not repeat himself willingly. When true darkness whispers, we can only listen in submission.

As the eternal darkness becomes more known, so will he. Throughout the millennia he has evolved and gained strength as his legends were passed from Greece to Rome, from civilizations to civilizations. Now you will become aware of the darkness around you. Not as

neophyte learning to see the darkness, but the true abyss. You will see Erebus within and without you. In time you will be able to reach into his realm and create armies of dead, who will surround the Necromancer.

Interestingly enough, some scriptures say Erebus is just one half of Hades, both the god and the realm. It is said Erebus' powers lie with the amount of shades he has created from himself.

Erebus teaches the sorcerer what the abyss really is, both dead and without form or thought. He will aid the Saturnian Necromancer to build a bridge, so he may reach his hands into the dark night to create form. Erebus will instruct the necromancer on how to create not just a spiritual army from the abyss but any manifestation the magician desires. This is known as **Manifestations of the Left Palm.**

While going through Erebus' Pathworking you will experience true darkness within your soul. Depending on your level of spiritual aptitude, you will be able to take the basic workings given to you in this book and accelerate your understandings of the dead, but first you must see through the eyes of a god of death.

Erebus will show you a series of personal workings to become the abyss, and then separate from it. I am not referencing to possession but a true transformation of the soul in a deep, spiritual, alchemical understanding. The time spent in the eternal darkness will teach the necromancer the other side can be manipulated when brought into physical reality. When you separate from

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the abyss and Erebus' Pathworkings, the singularity no longer exists. Instead you lie changed, altered. The core of your soul will become a black star. Instead of traveling to the abyss and creating your desires, you will be able to manifest anything using yourself as the conductor of the spiritual transfigurations. Though you may be able to pull your conscious mind away from the power of the abyss, it will never truly leave you, separated but never forgotten.

Erebus' Pathworking

You will notice there is no sigil or marking for Erebus. If you are able to comprehend the lessons thus far and have been able to read between the lines, you will not need a sigil for this Pathworking. Erebus is a primordial spirit. He works in the world of primal hierarchy. You will be connecting with this spirit in a far more intimate way than you may have done with any other spirit thus far. You will seek his very attention and confide in the spirit of darkness, where everything is born from nothingness.

To work with Erebus learn his teachings, you will need to dedicate twenty-eight days, directing prayer and subjugation, for him and every other god in this chapter. You will erect an altar for Him; consecrate any relics through the means of the spirit's instructions or the methods in this book. You will also make a pact in blood, forsaking any other spirit while working with any godform.

When Azrael whispered his name into my ear, I understood this was the next spirit I needed to find and work with. Once I acknowledge this, my entire bedroom became dark. The air was thick, far too thick to breath. A mass of it gathered at the foot of my bed, forming a silhouette of a black portal, and a long pointed claw bidding me to come.

Though a slight feeling of shock overwhelmed me, I no longer had fear. My mind and reality were broken. My psyche cracking from the inside out, but I had to know. Why did This appear so quickly and without being called?

I crawled across my bed toward the black hole, while the hand withdrew into the hole. But, the darkness continued to call me. When I reached the mass, I placed my right hand up against it. I was half way expecting to fall off my bed, but the hole proved to be as hard as rock. I placed my other hand on the black wall, with it now holding my body weight. This was not a wall my physical body could penetrate. I needed to go through it, sure, however it required a special key, one in astral form.

I withdrew only a few feet away. I brought myself into a deep meditation. The winds stirred around my room. Howling was heard in the distance. I felt sharp claws drag across my arms and back. I could sense the immense power this gate held back. I came out of my body just one step to the left.

I watched as my body was being spiritually scarred. Arms flowed from the physically harden gate like water. The ethereal limbs wrapped around my physical body like a serpent, slowly dragging it toward the

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black hole. I attempted to focus on my breath, but I lost all sensation of my body. I no longer had control of my own body!

Stunned by the horror of the scene, I saw my body slowly being dragged into the abyss. Inch by inch my body entered that infernal trap. I willed myself over to the mirror in hopes I may be able to latch onto my body once more, and then my body went completely through.

The hole became black glass. Through the other side of the mirror, I saw my body screaming from pain. I felt a tremendous amount of cold pressure building around the mirror. I watched my body slowly becoming the darkness that took it.

I heard a loud screech, and I snapped back into my body. I was confused. My ears were still ringing. All I could think of was the sound. The experience was lost in my mind. It wasn't until I realized the blood dripping from my ears I realized what occurred. This was Erebus' reaching out to me and now to you.

From the moment Azrael laid me in the hands of Erebus I knew this was a shift in my current spiritual path. There were secrets only Erebus could teach me, personal truths that can never be told but experienced, so I performed the five acts of devotion and simply experienced.

Erebus' Temple

I fashioned an office space for his temple, stripping anything that could prove to be a problem

energetically. I covered the walls in black cloth, made sure little light ever shined inside of the temple. Then placed the altar in the center

Erebus' Altar

The altar I chose to use with my Pathworking with Erebus was my Saturnian Altar. I added simple objects that allowed a deeper connection with Erebus and me. In the center was a censer, which burned Black Opium for nine hours of the day. The burning hot coals were the only light.

Devotion to Erebus

The first twenty-six days of devotion flew by so fast. I often found myself lost in speech, speaking to the darkness like a friend. In time my mind, body and soul was ready to meet the Abyss, to be taught by it. Here are the inscriptions from my journal on the last two days of my worship:

Erebus has come to me one day earlier than I had expected! This is extremely unprecedented. He descended from the darkness itself, and yet he was the darkness.

The darkness whispered with the bass of thunder, "I will teach you the secret of the Abyss."

My mind was penetrated with from an outside Intelligence. I was shown an image of me reaching into

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the abyss. I created form and matter with the motion of my right hand, and with the left destroyed it. The transfer of energy, created by the explosion, flowed back into the darkness.

“Bring the darkness into yourself, so you may create and destroy without having to travel here. You will be able to create any desire from the abyss inside of you on the physical plane. Let me break the illusion inside your mind.”

I stepped forward and reached into the incense. It was heavy like the weight of the world. My mouth opened and nine black serpents came out to devour the darkness.

My body became heavy and I lied down and fell asleep. When I awoke, it was on the twenty-ninth day. I learned all that he could teach me, and what the Darkness can do in this world.

Erebus' Teachings

In a week's time I recovered, but I was never the same. The serpents didn't just swallow a part of the abyss but the entirety of it. I meditated on Erebus' Teachings and the teachings of his underlings. By bringing myself into a gnostic trance I was able to use my astral arms to reach into my chest and with my left pull out a black orb and with my right still inside my chest. Keeping a still image in my mind I was able to bring a manifestation within twenty-four to forty-eight hours! This is the Manifestation of the Left Palm.

Erebus will teach the Saturnian Necromancer how to connect the different underworlds using the darkness from the abyss.

My workings with the other Gods of Death were fashioned in similar ways. I gave myself over to the deity completely. I was the sacrifice, giving my blood to them, no matter how much they asked; you may also use a black goat. Worshiping the spirit and speaking reverence whenever possible. However, instead of banishing the deities who were met previously, I simply adorned the same temple in whatever fashion needed.

The Saturnian Current allowing me to have the power of each god at my disposal, while still creating a sincere connection with the deity I currently worshipped. The power of each God building on the other, creating whirlwinds of ordered chaos in my life, but I had a much larger picture in mind. I was determined to connect every spirit I ever worked with in one setting, or die trying. I collapsed worlds on top of this one, and when the flames died, leaving only ashes, I rose anew, neither God nor man, but something else entirely.

The Saturnian Necromancer is to connect with all of the Gods of Death within himself. Perform Godform Assumptions with each one. Become lost in the system, and give yourself completely, and when you reach the twenty-eight day you must call the deity inside of you.

Thoth

Thoth gave the goddess, Isis, aid. He lent his power so Osiris could rise from the grave. His legends

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extend to even this day, impacting famous magicians such as Crowley.

Thoth also displays his role as an "arbitrator"; His presence was made known throughout the three great battles between good and evil. In every battle chaos and order came to conflict. If one ever fell to the other, Thoth came to balance the war by lending his strength to the fallen. The first war was between the two Gods Ra and Apopis, the second Set and Heru-Bekutet and the third Horus and Set, representing chaos and order respectively.

Revelations of Thoth

Thoth revealed to me the powers the Necromancer can gain through worship of him. Thoth is a great ally for balancing of all sorts. If you find yourself in a bind placed by another black magician, you may call on him to negate any negative repercussions, however this will happen on both ends. Anything you may have done will be removed as well. If you use this God in a spiritual war, be careful.

The power of Thoth is even powerful enough to balance the Chaos and Order the Saturnian Necromancer may stir up in his life. If you find necromancy bringing negative ailments to your body, call on him to balance the energies around you. The masses of his army will quickly balance you, however in a path malevolent as necromancy one must consider the possibility of never being able to rid oneself of such things. This is the true test for the Necromancer.

His abilities of reanimation are extremely useful, but only after performing the five devotions does he render this ability. He can show the necromancer how to revive the dead after they have been dead.

Ritual of Reanimation

1. The human skull houses the most powerful spirit in all of creation. Take a skull fresh from the corpse. Carve an Ankh into the forehead of the skull, and place the eye of Ra on the base of the skull. Open each sigil with the power of Thoth within you. Have you performed the Godform Assumption, this ritual will flow naturally. This skull can be used to trap or lure any spirit inside of it.
2. Focus on Thoth and bring his power within you to the forefront of your being; become Thoth.
3. Take a Fetish Mark and tie it around the skull. Call the spirit into the skull.
4. When the spirit is inside of the skull, you will have to find a pregnant woman in her third trimester.
5. Grind the skull into a powder and place this in her food until she delivers the child. When she consumes the powder, the soul will possess the body within the womb, and within time push out the soul that was meant to be there.

Barastyr

Barastyr is said to be the final ruler the dying soul sees before its final judgment. He acts both as the Judge and Jury. Within his culture he is feared for his mood swings. From my workings with him, I have gained enough knowledge to understand he makes his judgments based on emotion. Plead a strong case for his aid, and you will receive it.

He will teach the necromancer what it is like to enjoy judging others, to kill without reason, other than enjoyment and to rule with fear. He can aid the magician in reversing any magick done on him nine fold.

Revelations of Barastyr

It always amazes me the power one experiences when assuming the Godform Assumption, because such a great amount of power can be achieved so quickly. In theory the practice of obtaining that level of adeptness takes years of understanding and application, but through the system of Saturnian Necromancy, you can obtain years in months. Open your mind to an experience above the dimensions of possibilities you know and embrace the truth. Everything is an illusion. Manipulate the illusion, and you control the universe.

Your workings with this God will often give you the thirst for human blood. This is his sacrifice, and if you want his power, you will abide by it.

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With the power of the Godform Assumption you will be able to take the life of another by any means you desire. While possessed, focus your intentions on what you wish to happen. If you have truly merged your consciousness with the God, death will come in one year and a day.

Destination Ritual

1. One of the best experiences with Barastyr is that through Godform Assumption you will be the judge of what happens to the soul of the sacrifice or victim. Hold the skull of your enemy in your left hand, and sense the gravity around you. With your third hand, draw three crosses over the skull, one over each eye and the other on the top of the skull.
2. Place the skull on a pike, and place the pike in a low valley for seven days. Spill the blood of a black goat ovetop of the skull. This will open the skull with a one-way door. The door will swing in but never out.
3. Return to the skull two weeks later and remove the pike with the skull still attached. Barastyr has trapped the spirit of your choosing.
4. With the power of the God still coursing through your veins you may point the skull into a direction to open corners or crossroads. The pike and skull can also be used to curse towns, cities, homes or entire bloodlines.

Ogbunabli

The last Death God the Saturnian Necromancer should worship is Ogbunabli, the Igbo Death God from Nigeria. His name demonstrates the power of this God. It's literal translation converts into verb usage; how he kills his victims. He causes shadows to surround the victim and kill them. Though tradition says he only kills those who have committed a taboo against the tribe, I have experience something quite different.

With my own eyes, I witnessed this extremely primordial Being enjoy the process of death like a true psychopath. He pushed me to my psychological limits. The forbidden was committed, and I enjoyed every moment of it. The Godform Assumption showed me how to enjoy even the killing of a sacrifice, any sacrifice.

He comes to his victims at night, bending the shadows around him. Ogbunabli will watch his prey every second of the day like a child killing insects. He studies them first, learning their patterns while torturing the victim at night with nightmares or sleeplessness. The target will know he is cursed. The shadows will claw at his body, leaving no physical marks, and yet the pain will ravish the flesh. He is a mad man, who drags every second of torture out until the light in the eyes of the victim falls short. While you are perfectly possessed by the spirit, you too will learn to love this.

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Ogbunabli's Sacrifice

The sacrifice of this God is quite primordial in nature. He asks the caller to give him three sacrifices, if he wishes to obtain any knowledge of his secrets. They are a yam, a fertilized chicken egg and three drops of blood from the left hand of the adept. Place these sacrifices on the floor of a dirt temple and perform the devotions.

Ogbunabli's Assumption

Becoming the essence of Ogbunabli may break the thin wall of insanity for most. When you are one with him, you will seek out those who have committed "taboo," however who determines what is taboo is the Godform. Your mind is now demented. You enjoy killing. The thrill gives you a sense of power and peace.

You will begin to seek the blood of any you have deemed an abomination. You are the psychopath, and the enjoyment of it all is too much to balance, so everyone around you is guilty. You are above man and his laws. You seek not the forgiveness of others. You are detached. The only thing you latched to is the thrill of the kill.

You will have to find a way to bring yourself back to the realm of man and law, divining too much with this God will trap you in a permanent state of psychosis. Learn his lessons and his abilities. Use your left arm as he does, to strike down any you desire.

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At the end of my workings with the Death Gods knowledge of how to perform a very unique Pathworking trickled down from my subconscious mind. I understood that by taking two of the Gods I could become both of them or all of them at once, moreover this ritual would produce the guaranteed destruction of my enemies. I would use this to bring the death of any I desired.

Necromantic Killing

To perform a necromantic killing of another human being, you won't have to leave your house, rob a grave or cause any form of damage or sacrifice. All you will have to do is meditate within your temple. The power you have gained has allowed you to perform murder without even knowing where the victim is. You will summon the Gods of Death to become them; use their power, while building a stronger pact with the dead. Act with the dead, you will become like them.

1. Become two of the Death Gods of your choosing through another Pathworking, or you can use the backdoor the Saturnian Current has built. Focus on your time with the Gods, and allow your mind to be free. See the Gods in your mind, and greet them. Merge your conscious with both of theirs. The combination will result in a cataclysm within the Necromancer.
2. Meditate on the energies and intelligences within your body. You will need absolute concentration. See within your mind your intended victim. Obtain a clear image of target. See what they are

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wearing. Smell the air around them. Indulge on the thought of your true desire.

3. The power of the Gods will react to your desire of death. See the Gods using their mean to destroy the person of your choice. Feel the Gods' essence melt away any protection they may have. Behold, the power of the sorcerer lies truly within himself. He is the only constant in the world of illusions.
4. Depending on the Gods you have chosen, you do not have to seek immediate disposal of the person. You may toy with them like a cat does to a mouse, or you may be swift. But, know this. You will kill, and in time you will enjoy it!

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Chapter Seven: Vodoun Rises

Voodoo sings with a voice long stilled and denigrated by a pernicious racism. It sings to the mind through the formal elegance and deep insight of its theology. It sings to the heart through the beauty and grace of its diverse pantheon Loa (deities). A closed mind and a hardened heart cannot hear, much less as the heavens revolve to signal the primacy of new Vodoo has come again to light the fires of the soul and set them sinning in a dance of immanent creation. We rewarded with spiritual sense of ecstatic participation. The ancient Mysteries uncoil and call to all those who would listen.

- Louis Martine, *Waters of Return*

My Ascent Into Vodoun

It is vital for the reader to know that by this point of my Magickal Journey, I found myself Initiated. While reaching out to the furthest my astral wings would carry me, I found a mountain of knowledge not yet known to

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me. As any Black Magician would have, I pulled toward this new current of Power.

I found the Loa, Legba, to be intriguing to say the least. I began reading more into him, reading up on his legends and myths, aspects, offerings and sacrifices. My initial thoughts toward this entity, and the religion of Vodoun, were perceived to be extremely primal in nature. It was a form of magick that should not only be respected but also truly feared; moreover I became obsessed with Legba and the rest of the LoaLoa. I was determined to understand their primal nature.

I couldn't find rest from Legba's gaze. No matter where I laid my inner vision, I saw the small, old, black man to my upper-right, pointing to the direction in front of me. Immediately, I demonstrated my "power" I gained from the Western Currents of Magick. I wanted this spirit out of my sight and be banished from me, until I decided to call on him, so I conducted an exorcism.

Using the *Roman Book of Rituals*, I found the Latin exorcism I have used for many exorcisms of demonic spirits. I quieted my mind; within time he showed. He walked toward me using his cane and eating wrapped candy. Soon everything began to spin violently. The astral winds around me spun wildly yet rhythmically, throwing my body left and right to the drums heard in the distant.

With my body frozen in place with the book in my hands, he leaned over my shoulder, and spoke, "My son. Do you truly believe you can use this here? You are on my roads. I have called you here, and your manners are

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quite poor. Shall we read the book together?" he asked mockingly.

We recited incantations of supreme exorcisms, hidden between the lines of the *Roman Book of Rituals*. The energies shifted slightly, but not from the incantations. It was his laughter. He began chuckling with each line spoken. With every phrase his mockery caused currents of violent energy to rise from Guinea, a world unknown to me at the time.

"Child. You seek power and knowledge. I see your true nature. You want to share and help others achieve your successes, but what do you truly possess? I will open the roads for you. Walk three steps forward, and dip your feet into Our waters."

My body was forced to walk three steps toward the South of the Temple. Each step felt as if I was falling deeper and deeper into something primal, carnal even. I felt faint on the brink of loosing consciousness. Then the vision came to me.

I was before a river. The waters were alive, carrying knowledge of the universe's esoteric secrets. I found myself going deeper and deeper into the waters. I can only describe the feeling as if the deepest of deep became me and I it. I wished to go further into the waters, but a similar voice was heard in the distant.

Legba spoke, "Come back now. You must have a Papa guide you further. Call Baron Samedi to bring you Houngan." The visions blurred, and I found myself on my knees within my temple.

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His words shirked into my ear, carving each letter into my brain. To this day I can recite them verbatim. Everything I read of Legba appeared misleading. His energies were different, moreover I learned quickly my abilities within the Western World were nothing compared to Legba and the ancient waters, and to be honest, a sense of humiliation overcame me.

The Black Magician within was defeated in a battle before the fight could begin. I was mocked. The materials, implements and prowess I brought to the rough were useless. I was useless, powerless. It finally set, the realization that the Occult was limited and flawed.

Inherently, I was dumbfounded and shocked by the sheer presence of Legba. Here lied a whirlwind I have never even considered, but somehow this spirit reached to me. Was it because I began searching for him, or was he correct in calling me? My mind filled with questions I couldn't answer, but my mind kept running toward an end where the pit never ceases.

I fought the urge to look into the Loa Baron Samedi, who I would come to know quite well. When Legba first spoke of him, I have never heard the name Samedi. My magickal knowledge and experience up to this point was primarily of Western descent, however the pressure around my shoulder and chest became too heavy.

It took only three days of the spiritual weight, which grew heavier over time, to force me to delve into information on Samedi. Once again, the Loa pulled me. The manipulation of my own ascent became startling. I

was no longer in control, but being lead to something higher.

I found Baron Samedi's veve, and searched further information on how Vodoun Initiates called down the Loa. I quickly found out there was no simple transition from Western Magick into Vodoun. I was anticipating on using the skills I developed, but there truly was no need. Through research, I found that even the lowest of initiates of Vodoun are given access to the Loa. They may speak to Them any time they like, and yet the Loa's powers far surpass that of any Western God. This was all different to me, but I pressed on.

I was starting to see the power in the working of Vodoun. Loa surrounded the initiates, simply by a Houngan's or Mambo's blessing. I needed this blessing. I wanted this initiation into this current. Through simple research and my experience with Legba I found that if I could some how gain access into this primal current of power I could propel my spiritual aspirations.

The opening of veves is one of the few workings of magick I found in my research that demonstrated similarities of the process of opening sigils. Though it may take the magician within the western society years to properly open a sigil to contact a spirit, small children and initiates are given the gift of opening a veve with the smallest amount of training. If this was possible, what further explorations of the Back Doors could I explore? I decided to call down Samedi.

I was told by Legba to call Samedi, though not much verbal instruction was given; visions of how I needed to call him were cemented into my consciousness.

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I went to a Cemetery on Saturday ten o'clock that evening. I found a crossroad within the cemetery. I took the items I was directed to bring: brown rum, cornmeal, a cigar, black candle with purple thread and a picture of myself.

I tied the picture around the candle with the image facing toward the outside of the glass. I wrapped the thread thirty-two times around the candle and picture, with each time saying, "Papa Samedi, I come to you because of Legba's call. I come to you for my sake, for my sanity. I cannot bare his images anymore. He taunts me. He shows me a road I need to travel but cannot on my own. Help me. I give into your will, the will of the Loa. I recognize your power and the power of the Loa. Teach me, I ask. Send me someone who can aid me."

When I finished speaking, I lit the cigar and doused the candle in rum. I was strongly influenced to spray rum in the four directions, beginning in the east and ending in the south. Without thinking, my body reacted to drumbeats heard in the distance. My body was dancing to an unheard rhythm of music. The air shifted, demonstrating both ancient yet enthusiastic beats.

Under the influence of Samedi, I blew the cigar smoke in the off-points of the cardinal directions. When I finished in the southwest corner, a voice smoothly echoed from my throat. It was calm, cool and collective. There was a sense of enjoyment and young passion.

Baron spoke little but heavily, "I will bring you your teacher. It is time for him to reach out from the shadows. Know this: You will only find power through submission. Know how to serve, then we will show you

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how to rule." His presence lingered, but no longer spoke. I enjoyed the cigar and buried the candle on the crossroad, leaving the rum for Samedi.

I knew little of Vodoun or the Loa during this time. I had read the major materials available and had those two experiences, yet there was a pull unlike any other. The Black Magician in me knew there were riches to be found, but I couldn't approach the Loa like I had other spirits. The demanded respect.

No, the two Loa who had made parts of themselves known to me, proved to me power is not only found through forcing one's own will but also through submission. It must be learned, and I needed a teacher. Within three days, a connection with the Houngan was made; who had received training from Haiti, contacted me and began instructing me in the ways of Vodoun, Loa and of the Kongo.

The story of my introduction into Vodoun has an important morale. I learned great feats within Western Magick, but through the complete submission to the Loa granted me true power, the ability to connect imagination with reality. After my initiation of Houngan, the Loa guided me to reveal to others, who are not initiated into Vodoun, a back door into its Current.

The Ghede, spirits of the dead known in the Vodoun Religion, can guide the young magician into the back doors of Vodoun, to teach the initiate that the door is open to anyone willing to embrace true freedom, but freedom has its price. Though You may be tempted to look at Vodoun as your next stepping stone into the realm of necromancy, I strongly urge you to let that mentality

go. In fact you must toss any understandings you think you may have aside, and learn the Dead's True Secrets, their primal nature.

Reaching Into the Waters

My search into Necromancy was placed on hold for some time. I studied the Laws of the Loa vigorously. Absorbing all the information I could, sharing with others where admissible. Papa Kalfu, my Houngan, trained me in the ways of the Loa and Vodoun. I learned the ways of calling the Loa, Their stories, offerings and sacrifices. I spent years under his tutelage and finally became **Asson**. It was when I received Asson it dawned on me.

The connection that brought me to Vodoun was the death Current itself. Though the Western Magick I was performing couldn't hold a candle to the smallest light of Vodoun, I couldn't deny the supreme connection; the dead lead me to a more primal death current. Like the rush of my first high, I felt euphoria explode within me. I felt Samedi call again, but this time he was ready to reveal his secrets, not just for initiates or me but to share with any who are willing to hear the call of Vodoun.

The call the Loa give to Houngan and Mambo vary. Often the Loa will speak in actual voices or giving the Houngan or Mambo perfect insight. It is through this insight the Mama and Papa walk with the Loa daily. We hear their ancient words, tread through their deep forests and swim in their vast oceans. It was this form of "speaking" Papa Ghede revealed to me a ritual of initiation that supersedes traditions. It will allow a non-

initiated practitioner to travel the vast world of the undead Loa, the Ghede.

Tradition of Vodoun dictates that a Houngan or Mambo must initiate the new practitioner within a physical initiation on "ancient lands," such as: Haiti or Afrika. Such traditions are no longer necessary. The Loa grow each day, and with each day power builds behind Their gates, forever bringing themselves closer to our reality.

Your life and everything in it will be moved and shifted toward spiritual ascent. Although you may be the in the dark current, which travels down to the depths of hell, you will reach new spiritual heights, when calling down Loa. You must also prepare yourself for the act of possession, as it defers greatly from Western Acts of Possession.

Within the western current, when the magician calls on a demon for possession he may learn a great deal of knowledge, but this too will seem less fascinating after a true possession of Loa. Know that once they sear your soul with the power of possession, you can never turn away.

Vodoun Initiates

Before the necromancer flies off the cliff blindfolded, perhaps he should take a step back to fully appreciate the dive he will take. To do this he will need to understand "how Vodoun works." He must appreciate this religion in its fullness. Take in all you can before

going any further. Vodoun is not to be considered the "next step," but rather the answer to your search for truth, and the truth you will have, but only after proper understanding.

Ancestors

To understand Vodoun, more importantly **Saturnian Vodoun**, you must have the knowledge of and connection to your ancestors. The word ancestor is an ambiguous term, but in relation to the subject matter we must focus on both our physical blood lineage and our spiritual lineage. These two key aspects will guide you into Saturnian Vodoun, and grant you one step closer to understanding your own ancestors.

Your blood carries with it knowledge of the past and the present. Through workings with your ancestors you will be granted knowledge of particular magickal workings. The first step into understanding who your ancestors are is to accept whatever background your family may have. Accept all the shortcomings of them, even if you are not proud of them. Spiritual lineage is the blessing most **Blue Bloods** have. Both are considered to be your family, both equally important. Family is the only attachment a **Houngan** or **Mambo** should have.

Family is also ambiguous, however this implies both blood lineage and spiritual lineage. Some are gifted with blood correspondences to past priests of Vodoun, while others are only given the gift of Spiritual lineage. In the beginning of your workings within Vodoun, you will

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see those who carry the blood of Vodoun will be able to grasp key concepts and practices with much ease. This is the workings of the ancestors themselves, however in time even the Blue Blood will be given hidden knowledge, though he may have to work harder for it.

“We are the ancestors of our children’s children. It is our words and works, mixed with the words and works of those who have gone before us, which will be remembered.” This is an excerpt from *Waters of Return*, by Louis Martine.

We are also ancestors. The dead live not beside us, but in and through us. We walk with them and they with us. There is an eternal bond made when working with the ancestors. The better you know them, the better you know yourself and your true purpose.

The Marassa

Simply put, the Marassa are said to be the oldest family, Sacred twins, who are forever locked together in love and harmony. They represent the Aeonic flow of time and ancestry, perfect unity and symmetry.

The Marassa, beings twins, are able to separate themselves to carry out their individual experiences. Then they rejoin themselves, and share the experiences so intimately it is as if they have experienced both situations simultaneously. It is this divine connection. The initiate of Vodoun will learn this connection.

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Through the possession of Marassa, you will understand our entire family, both physical and spiritual. They bring the ancestors of each path into perfect harmony. To know Marassa is to know your family, and to know your family is to know yourself. Therefore, embrace every bit of your family in every timeline.

The secret the Saturnian Necromancer has is "how" to begin. Many, if not all, current families of Vodoun say that every initiate must go through a proper initiations to receive and knowledge from their Ancestors or Loa, the gods of the Vodoun Pantheon.

Consequently, Vodoun currently states that initiates must be brought to either Haiti or Afrika to receive proper training and initiation. Though my Vodoun family may disagree with me, I firmly believe such practices are not even necessary. The word initiation comes from the Latin word "initium," meaning to begin, therefore all that is require is to "begin."

This is where Saturnian Necromancy and Saturnian Voudoun will meet. It will be through the doors of Saturn you will travel and meet with the Mysteries or the Loa. They will perceive you as one who seeks knowledge and power, much like themselves.

The Mort

The Mort are the dead. This includes the ancestors and every other dead spirit either named or forgotten. The largest portions of the Mort are the ancestors. The Mort lies in wait for those who will call

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them. They will stretch their fingers into any initiate who says their name. Separated by the Spirits of the Dead only by term usage, for the Spirits of the Dead in Western Necromancy and the Mort of Vodoun are essentially one in the same.

Dead ancestors are said to have passed into the waters beneath the earth. The waters enjoy both a symbolic and a literal existence. On a symbolic level the earth can connote physical existence and the waters can be compared to the racial consciousness. It is as if all that the ancestors have done and been is stored in the waters or racial consciousness and is thus available to the living.

- Louis Martine

Connecting with your ancestors is crucial in understanding yourself and the power that comes through the floodgates of the Ghede. Not all growth is pleasant. Just as a child will experience growing pains so too will the Saturnian Necromancer. Embrace your family.

Mysteries

The Mysteries are the deities of the Vodoun pantheon. They are also referred to as the Loa, however the word deity implies a god who is distant from the practitioner. The word "deity" does not fully describe the Loa and Their status as entities. They are never far from us. They are earth bound. Meaning, they share the same

plane we walk daily. They are just beyond our physical sight.

There are some Mysteries who care for the Morts and even have power over them. These Mysteries are terrifying. They have knowledge of everything that has ever died or passed over from the physical plane. They understand the secrets of all. Within Saturnian Vodoun you will seek particular Loa, and embrace them as brothers and sisters.

With the following ritual, the Saturnian Necromancer Initiate will be able to reach into the back doors of Haitian Vodoun and be greeted by two extremely referenced Loa, Atibon Legba and Baron Samedi. The practitioner must be ready for one thing. The moment you enter Their world, yours is no longer your own. Everything is theirs. The Ancestors, Mort and Mysteries will direct your life toward the true current, the river of Singularity, where all exists as one. How far are you willing to go for Power?

The Crossroads

There have been books, lives and life spans that explain how to contact the Loa. They demonstrate the vastness of how intricate the religion is. For me to lay out a single ritual of importance is beyond arrogance; it's foolishness. Therefore, I will give the ritual that was given to me, when I asked Baron Samedi on how someone may become an initiate without having proper initiation. I remember his words clearly.

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“Papa, it is far better for man to be chosen by us, then to seek an initiation in our home. For it is not the physical locale that allows the practitioner to become an initiate but the Loa, specially brother Legba. We, the Inner Mysteries, must approve them. Neither you or any other is able to bring someone into the Current without our say.” When he finished speaking, he gave me the following ritual. This must be carried out exactly as written.

1. You are to go to the cemetery you have chosen as your necromantic ritual area. Bring with you three silver coins, two bottles of amber, spiced rum, a cigar, wrapped candy, an old iron key, coffee, six white candles, four purple candles, cornmeal and veves of Atibon Legba and Baron Samedi.
2. Atibon Legba is said to be the Legba of the oldest of old crossroads. Legba is one of the most influential Loa within the Vodoun Pantheon. He determines the doors to open and close. He alone has the keys to open the doors of initiation. Atibon Legba is the oldest in the Legba family. He has seen the rise and fall of every living and nonliving being.
3. Baron Samedi is said to be the Father of the Dead. Nothing in the realm of the dead happens without his say. He also has control over initiations, in particular those of necromancy. There are many stories of his beginning, however in truth he has always existed. Where there is life there is also death. Since you have been traveling the doors of

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Saturn, it is best you continue on this path and gain access to all of Saturn.

4. Draw the Veve of Samedi as it is give below, drawing it with three hands in the prepared cornmeal. This will act as one of the focal points upon which the Crossroads will open.
5. Lay down the veve of Satun Atibon Legba.
6. You will need to place yourself just right. You will need these Loa to grant you access into Vodoun, and into Saturnian Voudoun. Although this ritual is considered to be highly unorthodox, it is the very nature of the Loa we will be embracing. They left Afrika to bring the Loa to the New World, and now the New World will travel back home.
7. Once you are in the cemetery, strip yourself of all your clothing. As you entered this world without clothes, will you enter theirs the same.
8. Lay down the veves of Atibon Legba and Baron Samedi to the left and right of you in the strongest crossroad of the cemetery with cornmeal.
9. Allow yourself to sink deep into the working. Your vision may blur, and your body may tremble. Such is the power of the Loa. They will place you into a deep gnosis without having to try. Many gifts are ahead of you.
10. When both veves are laid out, light two white candles on the right and left of Legba's veve and two black candles on the bottom left of Samedi's veve. Place four white candles on each corner of

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the veve of Atibon Legba, and four purple candles at the four points of Baron Samedi. Now place two white candles in the Southwest of the crossroads. This will form a gate you will walk through.

11. If you are not possessed yet, sprinkle rum all over the ritual area. This will create much chaos. Drums will be heard in the distant; allow your body to move to the unheard beat. The whispers of the dark will ebb closer and closer to you. Embrace this; embrace all of it.
12. Call out to Atibon Legba, "Atibon Legba, I come to you, the Oldest of old. I submit my life to you and to your brothers and sisters. I ask you take me into your family. Teach me to submit to your will. Aid me in my spiritual ascent. Open now the door for me to enter the true Voudoun current."
13. Sprinkle rum over his veve. Place an iron key and a handful of coffee in the center of Atibon's veve, and say, "I give you gifts of your liking, my brother." Spit rum in all eight directions, the first four will be the main cardinal directions: east, north, west and south, respectively. Then in the Cross points: Southeast, Northeast, Northwest and Southwest, respectively.
14. Continue to Baron's veve, and sprinkle rum on his veve. Hold a black rooster by the neck over the veve. Strangle the rooster until it dies. Cut the head off and sprinkle the blood on the veve.
15. Call out to Samedi, "My brother of Death. Come to me now I ask. Be now my brother of the True

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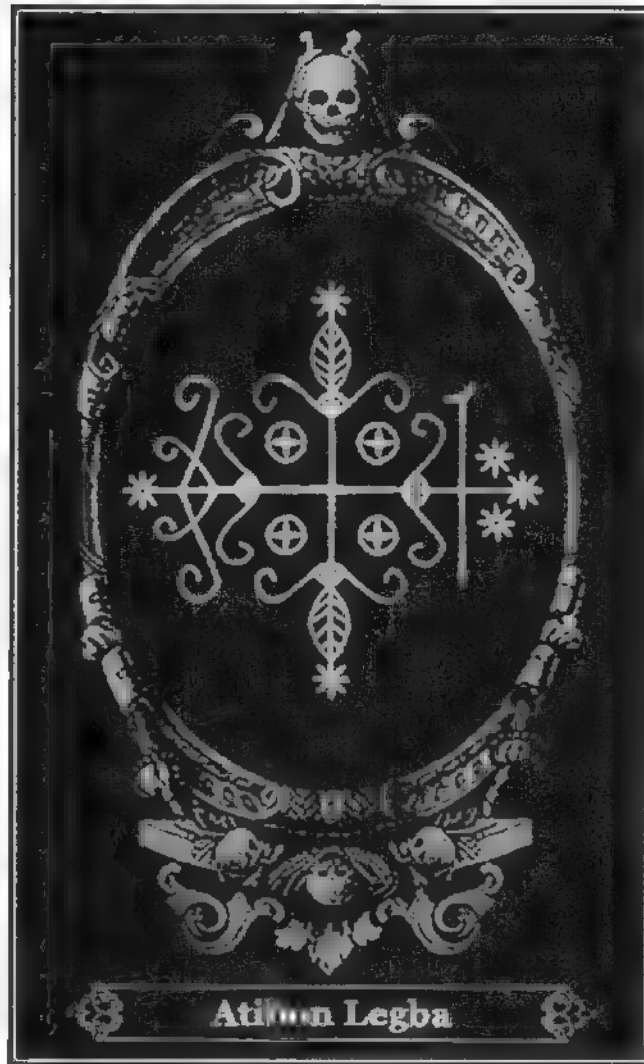
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Current." Light the cigar and blow the smoke in all directions the same as before.

16. When you reach the Southwest direction, you will surely feel exhausted. Thank both Atibon Legba and Baron Samedi. Walk through the two white candles that has formed the Gate of Initiation. The whispers and drumbeats have now shifted from a steady beat to another that is very chaotic and "off beat." Take three steps forward.
17. Thus is your initiation into Saturnian Vodoun. You will be forever watched and guided. If you have any other offerings place them in the middle of the crossroads. Leave all the materials in place, and go home. You will surely feel something following you, but this is to be anticipated, because the world you once lived in is no longer your own.
18. It is strongly recommended you take a break from your workings of necromancy to enjoy the new learnings of Vodoun. Immerse yourself fully in its understandings. Attempt to reach out to houses and families who teach Vodoun, and connect with them. In time you will receive "proper" initiation, if that is what you seek.
19. You will now have to become associated with as many Loa as possible. Learn the religion, and allow your soul to form a vast empire.

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The 32 Steps of the Cross

I follow neither principalities nor man. I follow myself, because in the end that's all there is. You are the only constant in your universe, however you are also a part of the illusion. The secrets that were once kept under lock and key, I will now layout, but where to begin? How do we start on the path of the 32 steps of the Cross?

We'll begin at the end, the end of your life and the beginning of the cross. The 32 steps of the cross is the clearcut path to the Kongo, and all of its secrets and doors will open, if you have the map. It is said when you are traveling the path you are never truly alone. The Loa will cradle you, holding you tighter with every step you take.

To my Vodoun brothers, sisters and initiates, direct not your hatred toward me, for it was never my intentions on revealing this, but there have been many circumstances within my own life that have led me to this exact moment. I have made every step and caution mandated by me as Houngan. Yet, the Loa have carried me here. However, let it be known though I give all the steps of the cross I have not laid them out in the correct order.

Gran Bwa

Gran Bwa or "The Great Tree" is a Loa spanning across time, space and everything in between every path of Vodoun. To understand his true nature is quite rare. He is ■ Loa who hides in light, darkness and shadow, carrying Damballah in his branches.

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In his roots lies Baron Zaraguin, the great spider Loa, with the Divine Twins playing under his shade. His branches reach beyond every barrier. You will have to travel Gran Bwa, for he holds the first twenty-seven steps; they must be traveled in only eleven days. To compare the level of mastery required for this, would be one-thousand times more difficult than searching for the **Holy Guardian Angel** in only one day, however what is important to note is the ritual is given to you, and should you ever reach a point where you can use it you will have the knowledge.

You must call down Gran Bwa in the East on the first day using his Rada Veve. Call Him in the North. The second day will be for Gran Bwa' offerings and personal study. Be sure to have an open veve on the altar.

Listen intently as he will guide you.

On the third day you must call down Gran Bwa and Damballah in the West to understand the connection of Gran Bwa with the Petro and the inner secrets of Life. With the Petro veve on the altar, leave offerings for Gran Bwa Petro on the fourth day. The fourth day will be for meditations and possessions of this aspect of Gran Bwa, a.k.a. Gran Bwa Petro.

On the fifth day you must call down Gran Bwa and Baron Samedi in the West to understand the connection of Gran Bwa with the Ghede and the inner secrets of Death. The sixth day will be for your personal study of Gran Bwa Ghede.

You must see how close Life is to death. The Line that determines what is "life" and what is "death" is

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drawn by humanity's perspective of the essence of Death. They see death as "the end," however this is not so. Humanity peers through broken and faulted eyes. Connect with Gran Bwa to see with his eyes. Allow his vision to overcome you.

The seventh day call down Baron Zaraguin in the Southwest. Beware, as his possession can be erratic. Feel the Kongo flow through you. By this time you would have developed a massive amount of Power and have gone through the necessary initiations.

You have forced your spirit through substantial spiritual transfiguration. Ancient, primordial Loa have grasped your spine, making your skull Their home. Gran Bwa has shown you much, however not everything. You have traveled the tree on both sides. Now you must swim amongst the roots of the Tree, Gran Bwa.

Baron Zaraguin will be able to ride you through each sphere and gateway. He appears as a large, black spider. With his aid you will be able to lay a web of spiritual substance to all things living or dead, giving you quick and easy access to every sphere. However, what is most important about Zaraguin is in his nature.

Damballah is able to travel to each sphere and gateway; Zaraguin is able to do the same but slightly faster, do to his linking of each sphere with his web. He lives in the roots of the tree, keeping guard of the Tree and hiding in the shadows.

Zaraguin has many secrets of Death, life and everything it encompasses. His "specialty" lies in Rebirth. He holds the keys to the two kingdoms. The

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seventh and eighth day will be for reflection on what you have learned.

On the ninth day you will call down Gran Bwa of All. You must encompass all aspects of Him, Life, Death and Rebirth. This realization will be great. Any fear you once had is now gone. You will understand every aspect of the cycle. The ninth and tenth day will be a time for reflection.

On the eleventh day you will call down neither man nor Loa. His name is mentioned later in the book.

Secret Powders

Samedi's Blessing Powder

This powder is to be mixed together while being possessed by Baron Samedi, the Lord of the Dead. It is used to consecrate an area for workings of only the Ghede, the Loa of the Dead.

1. Take three beaks of three black roosters with a few drops of blood and two feathers from each. Now let it dry it out. Then crush it up into powder. Place this powder on a sheet of parchment that has an open veve Samedi on it. Let it sit for three days with a purple candle to the left of it.
2. Next, you are to mix all the following ingredients together over an open veve of Baron Samedi: semen or menstrual blood but never both, Rum from the altar, Black tea powder and ashes from a cigar.

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3. Group all the powders together over a veve of Baron Samedi, and let it rest for nine days with a black candle resting to the left.
4. After the resting period, you may place this anywhere you wish death to visit and bless with its presence.

Ghede Linto's Miracle Powder

This powder will show the power Death has over life. Ghede Linto is a miracle worker. He will give the Houngan or Mambo the power to bring others back from the point of death.

1. On the day of Sunday spread cornmeal to form his veve. Call up Ghede Linto in the hounfour, and sacrifice a black goat. Splash the blood all over the ritual area. Burn the body of the goat later that night in the cemetery.
2. Make a separate veve on the altar, and place a small black cauldron or pot in the center of it. Mix nine drops of toad's blood, graveyard dirt and bleached cornmeal. Place a brown egg on the top of the mixture.
3. Set a white candle to the right of the pot and a purple to the left. Cover the mixture with a white cloth and again with a red. Let the candles burn for three days. Linto will come and place the tip of his cane into the mixture.
4. Return with a white hen, and spill the blood and egg into the formula. Spread the mixture across

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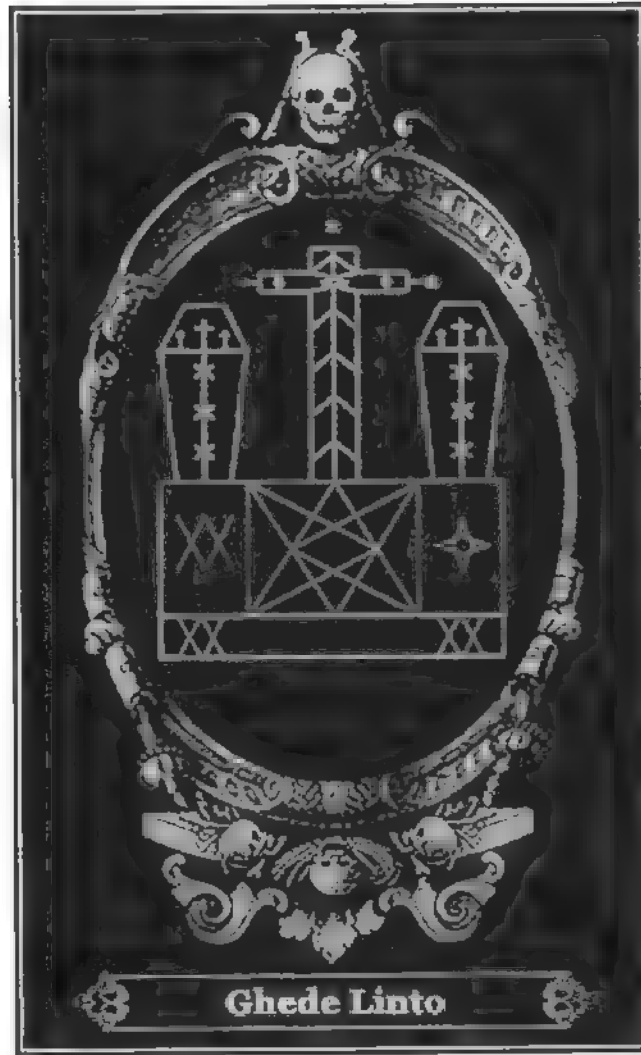
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the veve on the altar. Let his dry out completely, leaving the candles to burn.

5. When the mixture is dry, call out to Linto. "Brother Linto, I ask you to heal (name). Grant them health, peace and serenity."
6. Allow possession to come over you. Linto will bless the mixture using the Houngan's hands. Mix well and place into a bag made from the skin of the white hen.
7. Place the mixture under the bed of one who is extremely ill. The powder will draw out any negativity while bringing wellbeing to the sick.

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Rum of the Dead

I have found when working with the Ghede it is always good to have rum prepared. That is, to set aside rum and have the dead possess it. This will have veves, sigils and gateways of all sorts open much faster.

1. You will need at least one bottle of brown, spiced rum.
2. Open Samedi's veve on the altar either in cornmeal or parchment paper. The possession of Baron Samedi will not be drastic but long lasting. You will have to have a cigar ready for him. He will wish to smoke it in leisure.
3. Light two purple candles to the left and right of the rum. You may consecrate more than one bottle.
4. Make a separate veve out of paper to be wrapped around the bottle of rum with the veve facing inward; you will need multiple veves if you have more than one bottle.
5. Through possession blow smoke on every bottle, place ash from the cigar into it and let the rum charge on the altar for exactly eleven days. This rum will be far more helpful in calling any Ghede, and from my experimentations it enhances the "strength" of the rum, making the alcohol hit you harder and faster. It seems to be Samedi's personal batch brought through alchemical transcendence.

Possessed Absinthe

This is a formula to make absinthe, a drink known to many magicians, far more potent because it is also possessed. Allowing a more toxic brew to be made. This will require great tenacity of your mind, for the combination could be lethal, especially with this Loa.

Ingredients and Instructions

1. One bottle of Possessed Rum, pure grade or 151, 750ml.
2. One once dried chopped Wormwood
3. One tablespoon of Fennel or Anise Seeds
4. One tablespoon dried Angelica Root
5. One teaspoon dried Hyssop Leaves
6. One half teaspoon Coriander Seeds
7. One quarter teaspoon of Caraway Seeds
8. One pinch of Cardamon Pods
9. Open a veve of Baron Zaraqin, the black spider, for he knows the secrets of poisons. Wrap the veve around the bottle with the veve facing on the inside of the bottle.
10. Place the wormwood inside the glass bottle of rum for minimum of four days but no longer than seven. Keep in mind, the longer it is in there the

stronger it will become. Exceeding any longer than seven days will surely kill you.

11. Strain out the wormwood, and add the rest of the herbs, slightly shake the bottle to mix them. Let this sit in a cool, dark place for four more days.
12. Strain out the rest of the herbs and serve to your liking.

With the possession of Zaraguin the formula will be much more toxic. Take extra caution while consuming. Zaraguin is known to have great knowledge of poisons. The power of this concoction is strong enough to induce an entire vision quest.

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The Depths of Vodoun

This chapter was never meant to give an entire layout of the Vodoun religion. It will show the necromancer various powers and associations he can gain by accessing such a powerful current. Study the ins and outs of this religion, and you will find far more powerful Loa and concoctions unlike anything you have ever seen.

There are key components purposely left out of this text to ensure the Saturnian Necromancer does his proper studies. The backdoors do not mean less discipline, but the very opposite.

If you were successful in answering the Loa's call, then you have made a connection with power incarnate. Death radiates in Vodoun. It will seep into the mind of the Vodoun initiate, granting him access to higher understanding of the Dead, while gnawing on his sanity.

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Chapter Eight: Crossing Paths

Agassou, the Loa who was charged with bringing Dahomey's Magick to the New World, visited pretty much the entire Western Hemisphere. Giving each island and land a piece of his divine wisdom. When this wisdom was divided amongst the lands, it also merged with the standing traditions of the native peoples. Almost every Afro-Caribbean religion can be traced back to Afrika. Having one initiation into one of them, will lead you through a series of webs that all connect back to the motherland, Afrika.

In older traditions an initiate would enter a forest or jungle with only a jar and the clothes he or she wore. They were told to enter the jungle and find a spirit. The initiate would travel the jungle until he or she found a spirit of the land. The spirit would then give them knowledge on specific subjects, such as: death, life, rebirth and everything in between. As proof the student found the spirit, he would be charged with capturing it and bringing it back to the tribe for the priest to examine. If the student were found to be true, the student would be trained as the next priest.

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Though the everyday magician doesn't have jungles easily accessible to him, he truly doesn't need them. Your ancestors, be it physically or spiritually, have discovered vast amounts of Loa and powerful spirits. You were reborn into a system that has a vast web. In time you may need to go on this quest yourself, however there is no direct need.

What the necromancer must do now is travel through the jungle of the Afro-Caribbean religions. Doing so he will grab a little piece of truth along his way, with each pause in his pilgrimage learning and reflecting on what he or she has learned. Using the doors of Saturn, you will be able to enter into any of Afro-Caribbean culture's perspective of truth to learn and apply in your own life. You will learn proficiency in traveling the web.

One of the most common threads within each Afro-Caribbean religions is the mention of a gatekeeper of that religion. The names Eshu, Esu, Elegua, Leba, Legba, etc., are always present. Though each spirit is different and holds its own power, they all heir from the same family.

Exu, eshu, etc., is said to be a trickster and bound under chaos, yet the spirits understand order quite well. Each have a wide range of responsibilities and duties, ranging from protection, opening crossroads and at times being the personification of death. All of them are able to open doors into their own tradition. This is the key to unlocking virtually every Afro-Caribbean religion to the Saturnian Necromancer.

These currents as a whole have shifted and evolved, making each generation stronger and more

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independent than the last. With the proper guidance from the Spirits one can gain a great opportunity. All it requires is the "know how" and the audacity to go where only some have gone. If you wish to connect yourself with any of the other sister currents, all you need to do is dive into the religions and follow their traditions as a guideline for your personal workings, taking ever backdoor you can along the way.

The initiate can take either one of two paths. He may chose to enter into sister religions by "proper" initiations or he may use the path of Saturnian Voudoun to seek out a guide of that sister religion.

To do this the Saturnian Necromancer must animate an Exu or Elegua head, the keeper of the doors. Since this is one of the most common spirits of the sister religions, it is best to connect with them on their level as best as possible. Show respect to ensure your travels go well. Be sure you have the right exu, elegua, eshu, etc., for the particular tradition you are attempting to align yourself with.

Here are some very influential Eshu spirits and their corresponding traditions: Exu Sete Encruzilhadas and Exu Sete Capas both follow the Brazilian traditions and Eshu Agosole and Eshu Osika both follow Cuban Santeria traditions. I will demonstrate how to formulate a head for the spirit Exu Sete Encruzilhadas, the eshu of the seven crossroads in the cemetery.

Making the Head

1. Generally, each Eleggua head is made from plaster and shaped into an oval or a face like structure. You may purchase one or make your own. Be sure to place Cowry Shells for the eyes, ears, nose and mouth.
2. For this head, you are to gather the image and a black rooster. Bring them to the cemetery on a Thursday around eight in the evening.
3. Call out to Exu Sete Encruzilhadas and sacrifice the rooster by gripping tightly on its neck. You must suffocate the rooster before you sprinkle the blood on the Head of Exu. The flapping of the wings and feathers flying will cause great excitement with this exu.
4. Once the rooster is dead, remove the head with a sharp knife. Allow the blood to cover the entire face.
5. Now wrap the face in a black cloth, and bury it on a crossroad for three days. On the third day bring assorted hot peppers and sweet, wrapped candy. Dig up the face and replace it with the candy and peppers. This will be an offering for the Exu.
6. When you receive your ritual relic, thank the exu you are connecting with and begin your new journey into the religion and sect you have chosen.
7. Study the tradition you have chosen. Immerse yourself fully into it, and then continue this process for at least two more Exu. Each one giving

you Their blessing. Be careful, as not all exu are for the average practitioner. Some require different offerings, and they will have an impact on your life; this is a guarantee. You have called strong forces into your life, and you will have to accept the consequences of those actions, but the payout is far worth the effort.

The Saturnian Exu Vessel

I have found in my travels an Exu of the Saturnian Current. When I found this spirit, I was humbled. Was this a product of the abyss produced by my searching, or was this entity always there? The illusion has lifted, and reality has set, the reality of Saturnian Necromancer. The vessel of the exu has been on every altar I have had since.

I obtained the vessel during a family vacation in Puerto Rico. The island shouted in magickal mystery. The people moved in a third world manner, however they were extremely civilized and the people's manners superior to the average American.

I walked along the beach, speaking with the spirits of the island. The waves crashed along the shore. I starred out into the ocean. The sound was bringing me into a meditative state. The spirits were bidding me to come into the water. I slowly descended into the warm sea.

As the waves crashed against me I found a spiritual "ditch." I was told to stay in place, and a gift would be given to me. I allowed the ocean to continue its

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natural flow. This did not disturb me while in my trance. I was connecting to the waters and the spirits within it. A large wave crashed over the top of me, causing my foot to step onto something hard.

I reached down and pulled up the ping-pong ball size rock. The waters grew still. I gazed at the stone with astonishment. I have worked with the Loa for three years at this point, and to be honest I'm still shocked when the spirits bring spiritual relics into physical reality.

The stone was ■ grey volcanic rock with many dents through out. But, it was the face on the stone that grabbed my attention. There were two perfects holes in the shape of eyes and one for the mouth, which formed a crooked smile. I received the vessel of which to place the Exu, the Saturnian Exu. I prepared the vessel in the format of the following ritual, but the first task of the Saturnian Necromancer is to have the spirits affirm his position among them.

This can be done by speaking to the spirits in a similar manner as I did. Find ■ place in the open with no one around, preferably at a beach or dessert. Bring yourself into a meditative state and follow the spirits call. Do not focus on receiving the vessel. Instead see to communicate with the spirits for the sake of communication. Here their secrets that could never be recorded. Listen to their stories of the world. Bask in the wisdom given to you in this moment.

The spirits will give you a vessel to place the Exu when they have finished speaking with you. Come back to the world you know as your own, and open your eyes

around you. The vessel will shout to you. The power of its capabilities only limited by the power of the sorcerer.

Saturnian Exu Ingredients

1. The vessel given to you by the spirits, who have guided and protected you.
2. Two black and two red candles.
3. Fresh Tobacco
4. Spiced, brown rum
5. Assorted hot peppers.
6. One glass of Cachaca (White rum made from sugar cane)
7. Nine sticks of sugar cane
8. Dirt from a consecrated cemetery
9. Twelve pennies, the older the better.
10. Three iron keys
11. Three rail road spikes.
12. One black rooster.

Procedure for the Death Exu

Exu Sete Satun

1. You will need exactly one holy month. This is a twenty-eight day period moon cycle starting and ending on the full moon. Take the vessel and supplies to the crossroads in the cemetery.
2. Sit in quiet meditation. Connect with the spirits of the cemetery. Reach out to them with your astral arms, and pull them close to you.
3. Rub the vessel or "head" with Florida Water. Dry the vessel and rub the tobacco into it. Wash the tobacco off with the rum.
4. Place the vessel in the center of the crossroads and call out to Exu Sete Satun. Spit rum in the southwest direction.
5. Place a red candle in the South, a black in the East, a red in the North and a black in the West, and light them respectively.
6. Place the glass of Cachaca to the left of the exu head. Mix the peppers with the consecrated dirt from the crossroads, three drops of Cachaca and brown rum and tobacco.
7. Rub the mixture on the sugar cane, and placing any left over mixture on the vessel.
8. Place the keys and the iron spikes in a circle around the vessel, using the pennies to connect the candles.

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9. Sit and whisper the name of Exu Sete Satun. Feel his power drawing closer to you. Just saying his name aloud will bring him near.
10. Let the materials sit in the ritual area as you begin to fall into a meditative state. Allow the exu to ride you.
11. Say, "Mothers and Fathers of the crossroads I call you to pen the doors to make the impossible possible. It is your brother or sister (name). Come now I prey, Exu Sete Satun. Come into this vessel, and forever be with me. Shield me. Guide me. Teach me.
12. The exu will possess you, causing you to pick up the vessel and perform various actions with it. The actions will cause the vessel to become open and ready to receive the exu.
13. Dig ■ hole over the crossroads, and place all the ritual tools into the hole. Everything will be placed into the hole, except the head.
14. Place a purple and black cloth over the ritual items in the hole. Lay the vessel on top of the cloth.
15. Using a razor blade, slice an "X" into the chest of the rooster. Be sure the cut is deep enough to let blood and not coagulate. Bring the black rooster over to the hole and strangle it. The animal's struggle and violent stirring of energies will appease the malevolent nature of this exu. The blood of the rooster will give a violent life with a touch of a psychopath into the vessel. The Saturnian Necromancer is doing much more than

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directing an Exu into a vessel. He is intimately connecting to an ancient being, whose powers exceed that of most gods, causing an ultimate fusion of the necromancer and the spirit of the hidden crossroads.

16. Wrap the vessel up in the purple cloth. Remove the head from the rooster and place the body next to the vessel. Take one stick of the sugar cane and stand it up.
17. Fill the hole with dirt; making sure ■ small portion of the cane is sticking out of the dirt.
18. Leave the cemetery with only the head of the rooster. Dry out the skull and turn this into a powder. Come to the grave every day of the twenty-eight day period. Pray over the grave, allowing any and all words of speech to flow. You will notice multiple languages will be spoken, and most often they will be whisperings of curses, prophecies and esoteric knowledge. You should record your conversations, if possible. You are creating an Exu who can literally reach into any Afro-Caribbean Diasporic Religion and make a door for the Saturnian Necromancer. Tend to the gravesite as well. Keeping any twigs or leaves. Bring a powder make from dry peppers when you come to pray.
19. On the New Moon come with the powder made from the rooster's skull and a glass of Cachaca. Call out to Exu Sete Satun. Ask him to open all doors of power, especially to those who lie deep in the shadows. Ask him to show you the path of

surpassing any limitations. Spill the drink over the clean gravesite following with the powder. Continue with your prayer as usual.

20. Three days before you are to unearth your new guide, teacher and protector, bring with you brown, spiced rum and a cigar. Call out to Exu through prayer spilling the rum and blowing the smoke of the cigar over the grave. Thank Exu Sete Satun for his coming. Do this the next two days, including the day you are to dig it up.
21. On the last night unearth your Exu! Spill the rum into the hole and place the lit cigar inside as well. If you have any other items you have brought with you, place those in the hole too. Fill the hole.
22. Unwrap the Exu and hold it in your hands. Pray to it. Let prophesy and curses fly from your mouth. See the road you are traveling. Now ask Exu Sete Satun to open all roads to all necromancy, giving you permission to travel the back door of the back doors.

With this Exu in your possession nothing will be out of your reach. Though it is naturally violent in nature, it is necessary for the power it possesses. It has connected the web in such an intimate way it carries with it all currents of the Afro-Caribbean religions and systems.

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Chapter Nine: Forbidden Death Magick

After obtaining blessings of the Dead on many sides of the current, you will be tainted by an unusual light. Those who have the sight will sense it around and inside of you. They will never be able to truly see what lies beneath your flesh, for few have gone where you have tread nothing is out of your sinister reach.

Use the forbidden aspects of the aforementioned religious systems and combine them for rituals of anything your heart desires, but only after you have immersed yourself fully in at least four traditions including Saturnian Vodoun. Though tradition is dead, that doesn't mean you cannot learn from abiding by it rules. Follow them as guidelines. There is no need to get lost within their fruitless initiations, but you do have to know the rules before you can break them. Within this chapter lies three mothers of death. You are to become their children and be protected by them.

Santisima Muerte

Within Mexico and the southern state of Texas, Santisima Muerte is a revered female spirit, translating into Saint Death. Her intellectual birth was a mixture of the Native tribes beliefs on death in combination with the Spaniard beliefs of Saints. She is more than just a spirit; she is the Goddess of Death. Her nature has always intrigued me.

I have found her bittersweet. She has guided me into further magickal workings. She guides her children and punishes swiftly. There is no room for error. Being raised by Latinos my entire life, it is easy for me to grasp her hand and never let go. She is the mother I never had, and there is no greater comfort for her children than her cold, dead touch.

Her punishments to her children may be harsh at times, but her love remains forever true. May those who cross her or her children be laid to rest quickly, for I would never want to be on the receiving end of her chastisement. She will welcome those who are willing to follow her. To others she may be evil and cruel, I have found her to be loving and generous in giving her followers spiritual gifts, especially women.

1. If connection is desired with "Our Lady of Shadows," you will find her in the cemetery on Saturday night around the nine o'clock hour. Bring with you two white candles, flowers, rum and an image of Mary dressed in all white.
2. Before you enter the cemetery get on your knees and place your head in the cemetery dirt in front of

Forbidden Death Magick

you. To do so, is said you are asking Mother to watch over you completely. Now stand up and gaze into the cemetery. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of her, is that she will know when you seek her out.

3. Gazing into the darkness before you look for our lady; who will be dressed in white or purple robes with only her face and hands showing. You will most likely see her long dress train. Follow her into the cemetery. Walk or run quickly to catch up. In the beginning you may find yourself walking in circles. This is a good sign. She loves to play with her children, and this playfulness shows she will adopt you as her own.
4. In time her image will fade over a specific "hot point" in the cemetery, often over a female gravesite. Go to this spot and kiss the ground where her feet have last touched. This is sacred land within a holy cemetery.
5. Light the candles to the left and right of the hot point, and dig a small hole just large enough for the image of Mary. Santisima Muerte, will become this vessel over three nights. Leave the candles and flowers as an offering for her.
6. When returning to the gravesite, say, "Madre, ven a mí. Madre, me bendiga." Then ask her in your own tongue to protect and guide you. This will be your first working with her. Any other workings with her will be taught to you through the image of Mary in White.

Maman Bridgette

Maman Bridgette is the Mother of Death in Haitian Vodoun. She has many characteristics like that of Santisima Muerte, except Maman Bridgette is said to be a white woman with skin as pale as death itself with blonde hair. However, your goal will be to get the blessings of each mother laid upon you. In doing so you will be one step closer to obtaining more knowledge and power from the Death Current.

1. Go to the Cemetery on Saturday night at ten o'clock, with two purple candles, flowers and an image of Mary in purple or blue robes.
2. Follow mother as you have done in the past ritual, and bury the image.
3. Leave the candles and flowers as an offering for her.
4. Return three days later to receive your gift, an image Maman Bridgette has possessed.

What many practitioners of Haitian Vodoun do not know is Mama Bridgette has a twin. She comes as a black woman with ragged clothing, but she still has beauty. Her hair is as dark as night while flowing as if each strand is silk. Her skin glistens with majesty. Her eyes are red and show the anger of a mother. She is a great defender and will kill any who offend her children without hesitation. Her spirit is hot with violent rage, but for her children love pours from her eyes.

Forbidden Death Magick

1. On the New moon take a white hen coated in dove's blood to the cemetery. Bring the statue previously possessed with you. You will not have to call for her. This ritual will only call to her. The ritual being the actual calling.
2. Go to the center of the cemetery and pluck the hen while it is alive. Remove as many feather as possible. Rub the hen with pure rum, and set it on fire. Let the hen run wherever it will.
3. Bury your statue over a female's grave.
4. Return to receive your relic on the following New Moon.

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Marinette

Marinette was a mambo who elevated to a Loa after death. She said to have started the Haitian Revolution by sacrificing a black pig. She created a catastrophe, which led her children to freedom. She controlled chaos to move the Aeon in her favor. Such knowledge can be gained when working with her.

Her petro form is called Marinette Bras Cheche (of the dry arms) or Marinette Pled Cheche (of the dry feet). She is thin black woman with a bad attitude and wild hair. Her most distinct feature for me was her yellow eyes. They told a story of pain and suffering. To work with her you will have to relinquish your control of your ascent.

Becoming a child of hers will not always be pleasant. She is quite strict about her children's spiritual state. She doesn't care much for laziness. Do not call on her, moreover be her child, if you are not willing to put in much work for your own godhood.

1. Go to the cemetery on a cold, foggy day. Bring with you an image of Anima Sola, her catholic counterpart and a black pig. This is a pictation of the lost or forsaken soul, usually in the form of a woman. The image does not need to be a statue.
2. You may hear howling in the background. This is normal. She is also said to be the protector of werewolves and other shamanistic transformations of beasts. By now you have connected with the mothers of death strongly enough to have her notice you.

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3. She enjoys the sacrifice of a black pig so much that whenever a Houngan approaches the cemetery with one, she will immediately assume the pig is hers.
4. Tie the pig to a solid tree, and dose it in gasoline. Use a match to light the pig on fire. The screeching of the pig will stir up extremely violent energies. She will feed off of the chaos.
5. When you feel her presence draw near possession may occur. Many first time children are often set on fire, however there are never damages on the Houngan or Mambo.
6. Bury the image below the spot where the pig dies. Come in three days to receive you blessed relic.

Take all of the images back to your Saturnian Altar and place them there. Face the images toward the front of the altar. Feel what you have done. You have broken tradition. Torn down walls, and allowed the dead to collapse into a spectacle. You have survived and gained blessings from mothers of the dead.

Continue to work with each mother. Learn their ways and secrets. Some of them may be the wives of other evil Loa, but that doesn't mean they lack power. In truth, they balance, if not surpass, their male counterpart. Seek them out in your dreams, and they will give you prophecy on your life, while protecting you along the journey.

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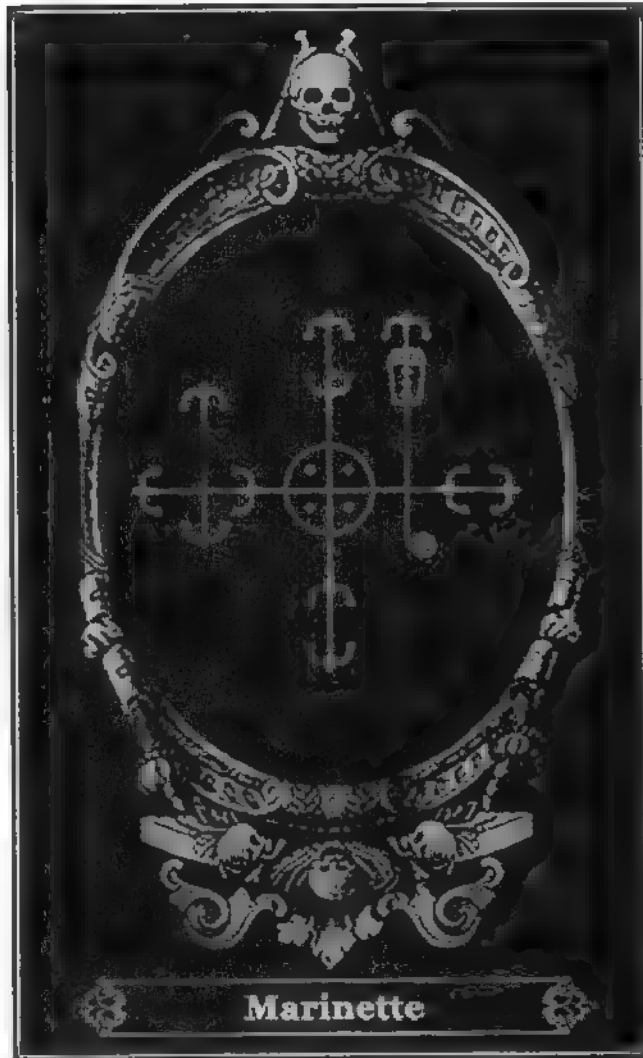
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Baron Lecro-Samedi

After my workings with the death mothers I was lead to their counterparts, however the secrets that I have learned conflict tradition slightly. Though Santisima Muerte does not have a direct counterpart, the others do.

Maman Bridgette's love is Baron Samedi, however through my travels of guinea Baron has showed me his great mystery, but only after his wife came to love me as her own.

Generally the Loa are teachers. The practitioner will learn to never ask the Loa to directly intervene on their behalf. Their powers are so strong the chaos becomes impossible to control. However, Samedi takes a slightly different approach. He doesn't seem to mind performing acts for the practitioner, once he has been blessed by Samedi's touch.

The working with Maman Bridgette introduced me to a form of Samedi rarely seen, Baron Lecro-Samedi. Here Samedi seems to be reversed. His sarcastic jokes no longer ringing with his voice, but a serious moment of teaching is now seen.

Study his veve. Notice the serpent coiled around the inverted cross, showing the initiate he will teach him esoteric knowledge. The leaf represents the use of herbs and hidden mixtures. The ascending spirits to the bottom left and right let's the Houngan know Samedi will teach how to make armies of shades rush out of your eyes to persuade anyone of anything.

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Damballah et Samedi Lo-Asson

Damballah et Samedi Lo-Asson or the Asson of Samedi, is the serpentine aspect of Samedi who is married to Maman Bridgette's twin. Though some may disagree with me, my personal application has shown me this is so.

This aspect of Samedi is also the teacher. He is the teacher of only the Houngan or Mambo. He will never show himself to those who are not Asson. You must bare the secret of the Asson, the secret to control any. Through the power of Asson the Houngan makes Samedi his brother in all magick. He can teach you how to move the Asson in its purest form. Movements up will call up the dead, and movements down will stir the fiercest of Loa down upon the Asson.

Forbidden Death Magick



Papa Kalfu

If there were ever a devil in the religion of Haitian Vodoun, it would be Papa Kalfu. The mere mention of his name causes fear to strike in the heart of the very day Haitian. Voodoo and Vodoun are so intimately bound in the culture of the Haitian society that Kalfu has become their "boogie man," yet this is a monster who can't be put away by placing the blankets over your head. He goes where he pleases. He will even randomly pop up in Vodoun rituals that do not call him.

He is an evil Loa, and there is much debate as to his true nature. Too many are afraid of him to dig into his mysteries, and his mysteries are vast. He has deep connections with the dead. One of his wives is Marinette. This will give the initiate an understanding of the Marinette's evil as well.

The above veve of Kalfu calls him down in a violent rage. The anger is so violent it would be wise to have a black cloth soaked in Florida Water in hand. This can be used to close any door of possession. This rage is entirely necessary. He will be called to open his own back door for the necromancer. A door that leads to trillions upon trillions of shades who go unused by the Loa. It is a vault of obtaining countless armies of the dead. Kalfu is the backdoor to power with Asson.

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Uniting the Evil Fathers

This ritual will focus on using the evil fathers we have gone through in this chapter. You will be calling down the two aspects of Samedi and Kalfu. The three will be called to gain access into the part of Guinea that is untapped power just waiting. With the power of Damballah et Samedi Lo-Asson you will instruct and teach the shades the proficiency with herbs and poisons of physical and spiritual nature, and ultimately have them obey your call by the direction of your eyes.

1. Lay out the veves of all three Fathers in cornmeal between Friday and Saturday at twelve midnight and open them using the secret of Asson.
2. Place four red candles over the veve of Kalfu, four black of Baron Lecro and four purple over Baron Damballah.
3. Pass Asson over the Samedi veves first. Their particular order does not matter. Just be sure to call Samedi before Kalfu.
4. When you call up Samedi have a black rooster, cigar and rum for an offering. Sacrifice the rooster as done in previous workings. Allow each aspect of Samedi possess you.
5. Here the Houngan or Mambo will be presented with a gift. Each of the Father's will present you with a "mask" to place on your face. This will induce a violent possession. You will gain knowledge of how the Loa operate. You will see as you work with each Loa they will remove a mask to

show you another. You will now work as they do, through mystery, shadow and deception.

6. The first two masks you will receive will look similar to one another with only minor differences. The masks I was given were made from the face of a broken skull. Each died a different color. Lecro's was deep purple, and Baron Damballah's structure was the same, save for a serpent's head coming out of the forehead.
7. Call Kalfu down hold a sharp blade and goat in one hand and a black cloth soaked in Florida Water in the other. Spill the blood of the goat on the veve. Kalfu's presence will overwhelm the area. The mask he will present you with will have horns and died with the blood of ancients.
8. Placing each mask on you will be overbearing, but you must push past any resistance. You are about to gain entrance into a backdoor, where only Loa can pass.
9. With each veve open and every mask on, stand in the center of the veves, and accept your entrance into the realm of Guinea.

Each vision received will vary from Houngan to Houngan. I was violently possessed by all three Fathers at the same time. I felt their ethereal bodies tear into mine. My flesh was cut, seared by the heat and cooled with the shades. The entire experience was brutal. My soul was ripped over and over again. I was penetrated in every orifice of my body. The pain made

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me pass out, only to awaken in darkness. My left hand grabbed the Asson, and with slow movements, I called countless legions to me. With the power of Samedi I taught my army how to move the forces of this world.

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Chapter Ten: Returning Home

If you have been using the workings in this book, you may have notice a common thread in all the workings. Through the eyes of the dead and the doors of Saturn all can be seen. There is nothing out of your reach. There are no initiations necessary for further development; that is monetary payment not needed. Instead you have gone through the spirits, the true initiations.

This is the true secret. The spirits give us power. They give us direction and strength to move forward. Connecting with Saturn and all of its energies opens gates to the necromancer. Just as you performed the Bending Shadows ritual in daylight, you will use the doors of Saturn to contact Mysteries, who have been forgotten long ago. These spirits will be reached by the connections you have made previously.

It didn't take long for me to desire connection to the old paths of Vodoun. I wanted to know the spirits of Afrika, the first Loa, who gave birth to what we know as voodoo, Vodou, Vodoun and now Saturnian Vodoun. If it weren't for my **Vodoun House**, I would have been lost on how to contact the Afrikan Gods, who dwell with us. The secrets of the Loa are whispered into my ear. With dedication you too will hear their voices.

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I will share with you the secrets given to me by Legba, Marassa and Agassou. Through these Loa we will trace the thread back to the source. Not the source of the universe or its creations, but the source of the Loa. You will gain knowledge that has been kept secret for hundreds of years. I have been instructed to give the secrets of the Secret. With your mind freed from the illusion, that secrecy of a secret brings you power, you will be able to contact these hidden Loa. They will lead you to your ancestor, man's real Dark Knight.

Satun Atibon Legba and Ghede Marassa

This ritual of calling down Satun Atibon Legba and Ghede Marassa will be an initiation given to you by two of the oldest Loa in existence. You will call on this aspect of Legba for Atibon Legba is the oldest crossroad, and with "Saturn" in front of his name we understand this is the particular gateway of Saturn we are using. Legba will command the doors of Ghede Marassa to open.

Ghede Marassa will bring the shades from all of the eight winds to the necromancer. The shades of past Houngans and Mambos will pass through you, and as they do, you will obtain the knowledge of ancients. Your understanding of Their workings will now make sense. You will move power as they do. These rituals will allow you to go deeper into the dreadful current.

1. Layout and open the veve of Satun Atibon Legba and Ghede Marassa next to one another with a dirt

Returning Home

and cornmeal mixture, which has been placed in a jar, left to rest on your altar for seven days.

2. By now the shades of past Houngans and Mambos have gathered around you, your spiritual ancestors. Take up a black hen, and walk around the area holding the hen high in the air. Show the masses the pure sacrifice you are about to give.
3. Loose yourself in the drumbeats, the ritual and the possession of these two primal Loa. Feel your primordial self rise up in your heart. Become one with it.
4. Take the hen by the neck and close off its breathing with sharp, barbed wire. Grab the end of the wire and watch the life of it diminish. The sacrifice is a gesture of your devotion. The past ancestors will watch as you sprinkle its blood around the crossroads. Place a blood cross on your forehead and on your palms.
5. When the blood has stopped flowing from the sacrifice. Offer yourself up to the moving masses. Spread your arms to form a cross and let you body hang. The spirits will push themselves through your body and soul, scarring and ripping pieces of your astral bodies. Cuts will appear on your skin and then clearly fade away. The Ancient Brethren will pass through your body, ripping you apart. The knowledge of the dead ancestors will be downloaded into your brain. The information you receive may be from ancient ancestors, however be aware your essence will be filled with the knowledge of killers, rapists and hatred-loving

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souls. It will push you away from society but much closer to Him.

Agassou's Boat

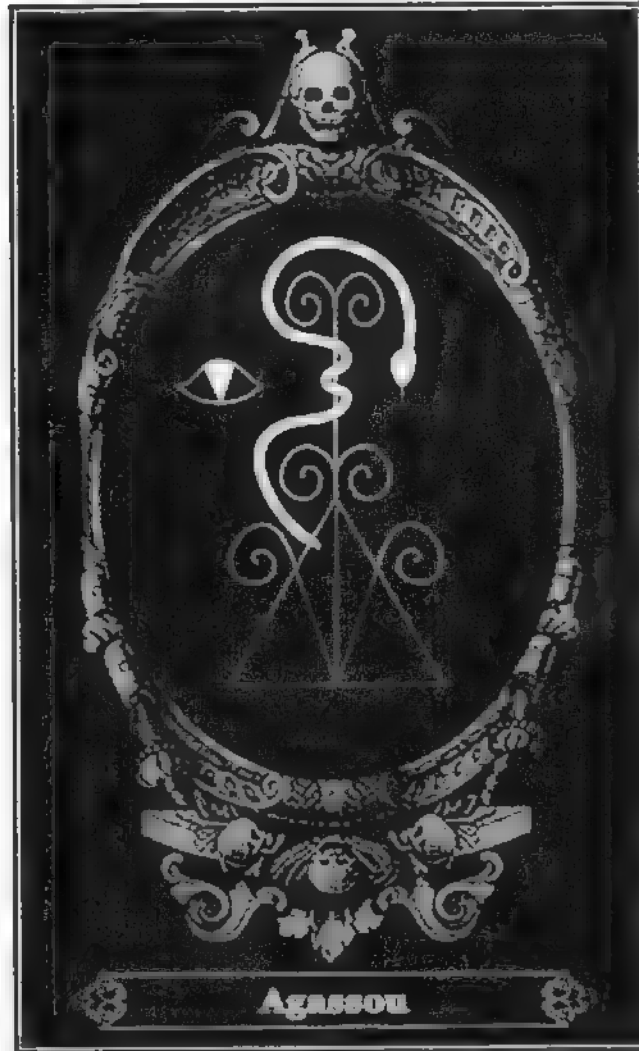
Agassou is the Loa who protects all the ancient secrets of Dahomey. Agassou was once a human ruler of a west Afrikan sect who honored the leopard as their totemic patron deity. Upon mortal death his spirit ascended to the status of a Loa. Agassou captured all the Loa's attention. It is said he was chosen by Ayida-wedo, an ancient serpentine Rada Loa, to bring the hidden currents of Voudou to Haiti.

This movement granted the New World primordial powers never before seen. In his Petro form, Houngan Agassou, he knows every powerful gate within the Old World, Afrika. The power Houngan or Mambo is without limits, and this power seeks to guide other practitioners into new planes of existence. They hold the keys to worlds only known by some, and since many families of spirits have blessed you, you will need to retrace your family roots.

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If you still see this work as a book crammed full of rituals, you haven't learned anything. The dead and all of its components have brought you to this point. Surely death's sweet sting has found you, and you have died. You have lived and died. Now your soul will be brought home, everyone's home, to be refined and reborn.

1. Go to an open ocean at dusk. Meditate upon Agassou's trip to the Americas. See his journey as he travels inside each Houngan and Mambo who journeyed over the seas. Draw his veve in the sand and open it with your third hand.
2. Place a bottle of rum into the sand. Scatter a handful of dark wood beads on the veve. Meditate the transfer of the ancient Dahomey's magick being implemented unto islanders and slaves. In time the old religions merged with other newer religions, such as Christianity. All the paths have lead to many different translations, and you have been a part of a few of them. Feel the journey you have taken thus far. Let the possession of the Saturnian Current overcome you. Feel the stillness of the possession. The chaotic storm brews within while the necromancer remains calm. Keep this state of mind until the following morning.
3. At sunrise return to your veve. The sea would have affected it by some manner. I found a dead seagull on mine. Feeling the power of the current within you, pick up the rum and sprinkle it onto the veve. Call out to Houngan Agassou. Ask him to take you

back to the older systems of magick, the ones who heir from the Kongo regions.

4. Feel Agassou mount you slowly, moving your spine into the proper alignment. You will be induced into soul travel. Now venture forth in the land of your calling.

Baron Criminel

Though he can be found in Haitian Vodoun and known as other names within other Afro-Caribbean Diasporic religions, we will be working directly with his original family. Among them is Criminel etu Bete. He stands for now social boundaries and enjoys breaking them. There is no taboo he will not commit. Working with him will make the practitioner to commit crimes. You will be running from the law at some point, furthermore you will never be caught, often receiving prophetic information just before justice strikes you.

You will learn from him the methods of how to evade the law and enjoy your taboos. You will be able to carry this knowledge outside of your workings with him and aid others in evading the law.

1. To begin working with him, you must perform ■ ritual bold in nature. You must make a lot of noise in the cemetery and stir up the spirits with violent smacks of a whip. Enter the cemetery with a black rooster, gasoline and ■ whip.
2. With bleached cornmeal, layout and open his veve. Once Baron has come, present his offering by

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shaking the rooster upside down. Yell and irritate it. You can give it a few hits with the whip as well, so long as you don't kill it. Pour gasoline all over the rooster, set it on fire and throw it into the air. The violent screams will make the veve open like a floodgate. Spirits of dead criminals, who were never caught by the law, will flood the graveyard.

3. Open yourself up to them. Feel them pass through you as the shades have in the past. The essence of Criminel etu Bete will scar your astral body.
4. Leave the cemetery possessed. Do not bring anything with you. Leave all the ritual items and sacrifices in the graveyard.
5. When you leave the cemetery, a crime will present itself to you. If you perform this one crime, the knowledge Criminel etu Bete has will be made known unto you.

You have performed many rites and ceremonies. The dead of old and new are within you. Gods of ancient paths have raised you above the stars. You carry the knowledge of former Houngans and Mambos. You have become the abyss and created legions of your own out of darkness. Death does not frighten you anymore. You have become it. You see through their eyes, for they are yours.



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Necromantic Divination

With the knowledge of the dead coursing so strongly within my core, I could see the worlds as they lapsed together. I would watch them merge and separate, and being the observer, who was also part of the illusion physically, I could even see moments of time multiply and develop parallel universes of immense possibilities. I needed something to take this vision away, so that I may access this at the time of my choosing. Having the site all the time became quite difficult to live a normal life.

The power of the dead instantly shot a system of magickal divination that creates this very site for any situation. The dead watch all of these universes and the parallels of them. Using this form of divination grants you the ability to see everything around the client you are reading. You will obtain knowledge of the unknowable.

The site is powered not only the dead but by the very current they travel. It combines several religions and systems of magick. The dead travel to the crossroads of the situation you are divining, and you will see through their eyes.

The Sacrifice for Sight

You must have performed the majority of the rituals in this book. This will ensure you have a firm understanding of how the dead operate as intelligences and how the Saturnian Current flows. With connections to the dead, their current and the Saturnian Current you

will be able to see all that was, is or ever will be around the client.

1. Obtain three black roosters, a white hen and a black goat. Open the Satun Atibon Legba and Damballah et Samedi Lo-Asson veves.
2. Place one coconut in the center of the Legba veve. Sit in between the two veves, feeling the flow of power around you. Hold one rooster in each hand over each veve. Take the life out of them by squeezing your hand around their necks. The flapping of the wings will stir the violent energies, forcing open the gates beneath the offerings. When they die, slit the throat and spill the blood of each rooster on the veves. Place the dead bodies on the ground.
3. Call out to Legba, "Brother grant me the strength to endure the sight, the visions of the dead. I wish the gates of prophecy be open to me. Grant me now the sight of ancients."
4. Lead the goat over to Legba, and then bind the kid. Slit the throat of the offering and turn away from it. The dead have noticed your determination and lack of attachment to life.
5. Go to the Samedi veve and hold the chicken upside down. Pour rum all over it. Rub the crossroads dirt into its feathers, and show it mercy by letting it go. You have gotten the ancient Loa's attention.
6. Stand in the center of the veve with your arms stretched outward, forming a cross. Look into the sky and feel the energy stirred from the ritual.

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Drums are heard, playing both chaotic and rhythmic beats.

7. Become entranced by the power of it all, and sit in the center of Legba's veve. Feel his ancient knowledge surge through you. Sense his age and strength; become one with him.
8. Go to the Samedi veve and sense the dead moving around you. Feel Baron reaching into your mind teaching how to read the visions before you even obtain them. Close your eyes for the last time to see as a mortal. Embrace Baron in all his fullness.
9. Open your Zeal Chakra on the base of your skull, and open your eyes. See the worlds colliding slowly at first in the movements of waves. Within a few short minuets, layers of reality will peel back and forth, showing that all is an illusion. The secret to prophecy is understanding how closely related manifestations are to it.
10. Take with you the hen, the black rooster in the Samedi veve and one hoof from the goat. You are to make a bag from the skin of the rooster. Grind up the beaks of the offerings into a powder. This will be sprinkled over twenty-three Cowry shells.
11. Strip all the meat off of the offerings. In order to maintain the vision and be able to control it, you will have to consume all the flesh of the sacrifices. Crack open the coconut and mix it with the chicken. Be sure to break the fruit evenly. This will house the vision relics.

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12. Clean the bones, and place them inside the bag after you have died thirteen of them red, three black and the rest, bleached white.

13. Place the bag and the hoof into the coconut shell and let it rest on the altar for nine days with a red and white candle burning next to it. After the nine days go back to the crossroads and bury the hoof, keeping your new divination system on your person.

Casting the Bones and Shells

The trick to reading this system is to not read it at all, but instead let it Speak to you. Take out the coconut in front of your client. Open it revealing the bag inside. Have the client shake the bag then slowly pour the bones into the coconut.

Shake the coconut slowly casting them in just a few short shakes. Feel the shadows awaken around you. Sense the dead, consuming the flesh of sacrifices has given you permanent possession of Samedi. Focus your sight on him. Open your eyes to the bones and shells. See the visions of the other worlds and how they impact ours.

Manifest through you all paths of possibilities. Look the client in the eyes and begin to speak uncontrollably. See into them and all around them. When you finish speaking, dismiss yourself from the client. They are to return to you in three days.

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During these three days, you are to immerse yourself fully into the Death Current. Watch your client closely. See how the worlds either bend or not around them. Spirits will pass by and possibly through the client. Watch any and all activity of the spiritual realms, focused on the person. On the last day speak to Samedi. Ask him, "What says the Loa?" He will give you the answers to tell the client.

When the client is before you, tell them all of what you have seen. It may be wise to record the information as you get it. Layout for him the road that is most likely to happen given the current set of the situation. In addition, tell the client at least three to five possibilities you have seen that can occur, given certain actions. The power of the vision is the power of manifestation.

Chapter Eleven:
*Zandor and the Secret of
the Congo*

The Kongo was once a large portion on the continent of Africa. The tribes would share their knowledge of the Mysteries with one another, however war quickly broke throughout the continent, causing slavery to carry their magick to the New World. We cannot say for certain as to why this occurred. Some speculate that the Loa wanted to grow in power and used the opportunity of the slave trade to do just that. While others believe the Loa started the slavery as a means to get their powers spread throughout the world. How or why no longer matters; what matters is the here and the now, and right now the powers have returned.

When the old waters return to shore, they bring the new fish and old current with it. Through the Kongo the Loa reached around the world and have brought back Gods, disguised as men. The true Kongo Loa are in no way benevolent. Neither are they malevolent. They simply are. Our minds cannot grasp the level of unattachment they possess. They do not care for emotions

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or logic. They exist so far in the current they can't be reached. Instead they must reach to you.

Typically, this is done through a Zandor Priest. The practitioner must be on a level of spiritual ascent so deep within the dark waters that he emanates light for the monsters to find him. Press your life into the darkest corners of your mind. Embrace all you have done. Become it. Be born within the current.

Follow the path the Saturnian Current has laid out for you, and the priest will find you. He will open a door that locks from the outside. It can be opened to walk through but never to turn around. Those first three steps feel like the longest stride. If this opportunity were to ever present itself to you and you made a conscious choice to stop your spiritual maturity, then you will surely die, but death will be the least of your concerns.

The soul who transcended into this current has gained power over death itself. The transformation from this life to the next only happens when the conscious decision to do so is made. The soul is then elevated to the status of a Loa. If the person accepts the initiation, he will become above a Loa in this life, for the reward of living between the realms of reality is great. With the birth of something this grand comes the birth of a Loa, who in time will worship you as its Papa or Maman.

Calling the Zandor Priest

If you are truly ready to receive an initiation into the Zandor family, here is what you need to do. Go to the

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Zandor and the Secret of the Congo

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cemetery on Friday at ten at night. Meditate on your choice for two hours. At midnight open the Calling of Zandor. Take one black candle in each hand and hang from a cross as you have already done. Call out to Zandor and say, "I give myself wholly over to you."

Understand the gravity of the situation. You are calling the most evil Being to ever exist. You are welcoming the devil into your life, your children's life and your family's life. You will be encompassed by his sinister reached. I was told once, "Dante, even if you reveal a true secret. No one will understand, for a true secret is only known by the few." I pray this isn't true. I hope that there will be one, just one, person who can grasp this Creature's attention and learn his ways. If a priest is supposed to come your way, he will. Until then, you are to wait patiently for the answer.

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The Power of Tokoloshe

I formed a series of personal Pathworkings with this horrific creature. Anyone who knows about this power hungry deity would advise against working with Him. His thirst for destruction is never sated. He is an entity who inspires fear over the entire continent of Afrika.

Though only knee high, this gremlin is no laughing matter. Tokoloshe is perhaps one of the most sinister spirits in the entire world. He moves at night, preying upon his victims in their beds, who lie open and vulnerable. His terror knows no bounds and no mercy will ever be given.

Tokoloshe is only called on by the darkest of witch doctors. If you whisper his name nine times while sacrificing a goat, he will appear to you. He carries with him three skulls from freshly killed children. Tokoloshe is good with only two things destruction and teaching how to destroy. With enough dedication, you will be able to kill with the motion of you left palm.

Calling Tokoloshe

A small child is to be procured. The child cannot be beyond the age of three. This is to ensure the child's innocence is not lost. A dull knife is to be used to slit the baby's throat and remove its head. As you are sawing the head off of the infant, say his name. Say it with passion. Enjoy what you are doing. It is through the enjoyment of

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decapitating the child he will manifest. With the blood splashing on the ground, stomp your feet three times.

He will be at your feet gnashing his teeth. The blood and defilement will give him just enough persuasion to kill your intended target. Remove the head and eat the heart of the child. As a coincidence, ingesting a child's heart through the means of killing another expands your life force by seven years. Acts of spiritual cannibalisms have shown me the power of the primordial nature within us all. Consuming possessed human flesh will give you mastery over your own.

Bury the head of the infant by the house of the intended victim. Tokoloshe will generally accept any desires you want to have happen to the target before he or she dies, so long as they are evil in nature; however, you can only manipulate the series of events for one year. After that, the target is dead.

The Evil Within Us All

There will always be an argument as to whether man is inherently good or evil, however what cannot be debated is that there is evil within us all. Under the right circumstances, we would kill just about anyone or anything to survive. You have shown this just by reading this book. The greatest mystery He has shown me is the power to cleanse away the evil another has done. The only exception being: the person must know their true nature, be willing to sacrifice himself or herself and have ■ profound spiritual bond with you.

To relinquish the evil in another's heart, purifying him or her of all wrongdoing, you must perform an act of murder and cannibalism. To purge the soul of sin you must devour their sins.

Tie the willing sacrifice down. Kill a white hen, and with her blood sprinkle a circle around the entire ritual area. All who are inside of the circle must participate. Spill blood of the hen on your hands. Bring together yourself and the sacrifice. If it is a mentor, think back on all the spiritual monumental leaps you have taken together. Connect your hearts together, and in the moment of climax cut open the chest of the offering and consume its heart. You will be imbedded with any and all power that person has had in their life.

Zandor's Teaching

Though one can go through the list of Kongo associated Loa and bring great influence into his life, this is not the way of the Kongo, not the original way. The ancient way is that of survival, anything outside of that is excess. True teachings of Zandor happen in the moments of your life when you are pinned up against the wall, and you need to find an escape.

Here the spirits, the creators of Loa, will call you in the middle of the night. They seep through the walls of the temple, forcing you to your knees. They are above the Loa, the gods of the gods, and He is at the top of them. He watches and observers. The Father of All Black Magick is never surprised by human nature, but always intrigued.

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The Brothers of the Black Cloth will come to those who have proven themselves. When they do come you will know. You will know fear and respect like never before.

The Creation of a Loa

With an initiation into Zandor you can move in ways others cannot. You can rise Gods from ashes of destroyed civilizations Power is obtainable, if you only reach out for it. The creation of a Loa needs a willing participant, one who is willing to die for the cause. Creating something of this magnitude requires a living source capable of housing powers beyond that of gods. If a willing participant cannot be found, you may use the skull of a Black Magician instead.

You will need to prepare the body to receive to soul of a Loa. To do this, you must first remove the Ti-Bon-Ange. Reach into the skull and pull on the subconscious mind. Feel around for a "sticky essence" this is the part of the self being removed. Have a black pot with the Zandor veve on the bottom of the lid opened.

Pull the Ti-Bon-Ange out with your hands until you feel the essence give a "snap." Then slam the fraction of the soul into the jar. The seal of the veve now hovers above the pot, sealing to the soul inside of it.

This will also require the assistance of Baron Zaraguin and Nanan Bouloucou, the grand mother of all the other Loa and is the keeper of great philosophical mysteries as well as the Loa of herbs and medicines. You

will need Baron Zaraguin's knowledge of death and poisons, and Nanan Bouloucou's knowledge of all loa, life, death, rebirth, herbs and medicines. With the combinations of the two Loa and the knowledge of their infinite potential, the Asgwe Mambo of Grand Houngan can create a Loa, who will know him as father or mother of its family. A baby hurricane, which grows in power quickly, will guide and protect the Priest or Priestess. Here the Houngan or Mambo will begin in making their family for when they pass onto the next life. The Loa of your creation will reflect all of your working up to this point.

Calling out to the Loa's names is enough, by now the power of the ancients flow strongly through you. A whisper could move mountains or nations. Speak the Loa you wish to create. Give it a name, and make it known amongst the families of Loa, who already exist. Speak and it shall be created.

Prepare the body or skull for receiving the Loa's existence by washing it with Florida Water and Possessed Rum. Wrap the vessel in a red cloth with two serpents. Bury the vessel for three days, giving the appearance of a death. Present a blood sacrifice of a boar on the third night, Saturday, between 9 pm. and 12 am.

Speak the Loa's name over the grave. Direct it into the corpse just below you. Trace its veve into the dirt, and use Asson to bind it all together. Retrieve your possessed vessel, which will now worship you. The Loa now worships you. Give the Loa candy for the next three days. Spend as much time as possible with it during this stage. It is crucial It sees you as its Father or Mother.

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Chapter Twelve: Reconciliation

Having been through so much spiritually, I thought to myself, "Who is really in control?" The thought itched and itched the inside of my head, and no matter how hard I tried, it couldn't be scratched. In complete frustration I grabbed my old scrying mirror and asked, "Spirits of the Damned, who I know well. Show me the true master. Show me who separates life and death from one another. I the singularity of your existence wish to know."

The mirror fogged over and displayed a large court with a ghoulish monster sitting on a prominent throne. It had eight large horns that bent up and then down behind the back of the spirit. It had four wings that were relaxed. His face was blurry, so I asked, "Show me its face. Who controls the constant?"

The image of the terrifying demon moved off of the mirror and a skull replaced the demonic face. Skin grew over the enchanted relic. Sinews reconnected and flesh reformed. I couldn't believe it. *My face* appeared in place of the demons!

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I was the one controlling death the whole time, even when I thought I was being manipulated. I dropped the mirror, stood up and destroyed my altar. I threw every relic and ritual tool away.

I was not the constant singularity in the illusion. The illusion remained the same, a base and form that can be manipulated into the desires of a madman.

Glossary

32 Steps of the Cross

This is a lifelong venture, however can be experienced in just a short few years. It is the pathway to obtaining the divine secrets of the Loa.

Ajna Chakra

Otherwise known as the Third Eye within Western Cultures, the Ajna Chakra is located directly in the center of the forehead above the brow. It houses the power of each and every god, especially Ardhanarishvara, the embodiment of the supreme union of Shiva and Shakti. This is one of the most powerful chakras for it holds the power of creation and destruction.

Asson

A revered initiation into Vodoun priesthood that proves the authenticity and prowess of the aspirant.

Astral Plane

A level of existence said to be one step above our physical plane. Other than the sideward "steps" into other physical realities, the Astral Plane is the closest, spiritual realm. Here lies all that was ever created and whatever will be.

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Baneful Magick

A class of magick designed to inflict both mental and physical harm on a victim.

Blue Bloods

Blue Bloods are brothers and sisters who do not share any physical blood lineage of the particular current. Though they have no bloodline directing them to the source of the sect's power, they do share spiritual lineage. Blue Bloods are adopted into families of the sects and taught just as other initiates.

Dark Night of the Soul

The Dark Night of the Soul is the ultimate, spiritual darkness the black magician or Saturnian Necromancer will face. It is the complete dive into the deepest and darkest aspects of himself. Often through the manifestations of his spiritual alignment, the physical life of the magician will be touched, creating endless entropy of chaos. This often will result the purging of unnecessary attachments in the magician's life, such as: physical possessions and relationships.

Death Gods/Lords of Death

The Death Gods/Lords of Death are spiritual deities who guard a vast secret of knowledge on the dead. They were charged to hold this knowledge close and reveal it to only those they deemed worthy. Each deity has legions of spiritual armies below him or her. There are no banishings for getting rid of them. Once you have called them into your life will begin infecting you with their sight, giving you a push towards insanity.

Descent

Through a series of Pathworkings, rituals and life choices the magician will begin to travel the darkness within and without him. He will journey within himself, ever reaching for the evil that lies dormant, and journey into other realms and planes, allying with Infernal Beings to bring himself one step closer to his own Infernal Kingdoms.

God Form Manifestations

The ability to bring the entire existence of a God onto the physical plane.

Holy Guardian Angel

It is a ritual designed to meet your Aeonic self. This is the self after your spiritual maturity is complete. This was in Abramelin's book, *The Sacred Book of Abramelin the Mage*. It was later made famous with Aleister Crowley's workings.

Hot Spot

An area where tremendous amounts of energy has gathered. They are often manipulated by the Necromancer as a base of spiritual manifestation.

Houngan

A Houngan is a priest of the Vodoun or Voodoo religions. He is trained in the way of the Loa through constant contact with Them. He has entered into a secret covenant between him and the Loa, granting him power above all else.

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Mambo

A Mambo is a priestess of the Vodoun or Voodoo religions. Like the Houngan, she also has been trained in the way of the Loa, however it is said she will always hold more power than the average Houngan. The women of this path are granted extra knowledge of the unseen.

Manifestations of the Left Palm

The true understanding of the technique, Manifestations of the Left Palm, is a secret until it is completely understood. Performing exorcises with your palm chakras will help you to better understand the essential development necessary to comprehend its genuine essence. By creating a manifestation through your left palm, you are holding Da'ath in your hand. You can make any backdoor open to you. The Manifestation of the Left Palm breaks the physical illusion, allowing the sorcerer to bend reality into his will of alignment.

Perfect Possession

Invocation of demons and demonic gods is child's play compared to Perfect Possession. It lays out into three basic principles: Desire of Man, Desire of the Infernal and the Unity they share through the connection of possession. The Desire of Man is the magician's longing to be forever connected with an infernal entity. The Desire of the Infernal is the answer to the black magician, furthermore this spirit also desires to merge and become one with the summoner. The Unity begins from the moment the magician makes his first step toward this unholy union and will go on for eternity. The Unity is the complete mergence with the demonic spirit, for they desire to share a body with one another, either for the

same cause or separately. The cause or reason generally doesn't carry much weight in this form of agreement. Both parties acknowledge power and unite for the sake of power.

Rapture State

The loss or utter lack of strength the magician has during an evocation.

Ritual Relic

Tools that have gained tremendous power through an intense ritual of transcendence. Necromantic ritual relics are the strongest, because they harness death itself.

Saturnian Bridge

By accessing the Saturnian Hot Point through a ritualized format, the Saturnian Necromancer will create and adopt pathways into older currents of power. Creating Saturnian Bridges continuously links up the currents he or she travels. This "bridge" will give the necromancer an endless amount of choices and new paths to take.

Saturnian Hot Point

Otherwise known as the Zeal Chakra, the Saturnian Hot Point is the foundation of creation for the Saturnian Necromancer. It creates pathways and doors that go unseen and unheard. It is the backdoor to all, especially the Loa. Traveling deep within the Chakra will direct the Traveler to many paths and backdoors, for it is the backdoor. Opening and controlling this chakra grants the abilities of controlling the Aeon through direct contact through the Subjective Consciousness.

Saturnian Vodoun

By following the rituals of initiation into Haitian Vodoun within this book, you are performing the true Initiation. Initiation means to begin or start. The rituals given allow you to have contact with the Loa through an unorthodox manner. You will gain permission into the back gates of the Loa's Powers. You will begin to move in the direction the Loa will push you. If you wish, you may request a formal initiation into Vodoun, once you have placed a foot into the backdoor. These rituals focus on riding the gates of Saturn into another current. This can also be applies to Santeria, Yoruba, etc.

Serpent's Blood

Also known as the elixir of death's manifestation. Serpent's Blood is a necromantic potion. I received the formula for its concoction from Azrael, the Western Reaper. It consists of blood from a poisonous serpent, rum, bat's blood, and mandrake root. This fluidic implement has an extremely potent effect at heightening the intensity of death magick rituals.

Spiritual Grid

This is the map for the Saturnian Necromancer. He sees life and all of its choices. With the knowledge he now knows he can clearly see his objective and what means he needs to do physically, spiritually or both.

Subjective Consciousness

This is indeed man recognizing his own godhood within him, however he realizes he is just one part of a Supreme Consciousness, or the Universal Consciousness.

Sympathetic Imagination

The Sympathetic Imagination is the ability to cast away all biases and forethoughts of a spiritual path while placing yourself in the shoes of one from that path.

Theogony

Theogony is the birth registration of a pantheon of gods or deities. It shows the creation through the current status of a particular group of deities or spirits.

Under Current

The worlds of the dead and undead.

Vodoun House

A Vodoun House is the embodiment of students and teachers in the Vodoun traditions. It is often composed of a Houngan and a Mambo, though it is common to see just one as the head of the house.

About Dante Abiel

Dante Abiel is a professional ritualist and occult author, living with his family in the city of Philadelphia, in the United States.

Currently, he instructs at his own Vodoun house, and is a respected member of several influential magick orders, including the Ordo Templi Noctis, Ordo Ascensum Aeternalis, OTOA, LCN and the Order of the Thirteenth Judgement.

To learn about booking a personal consultation, ritual for hire, or divination reading with Dante, go to:
<http://www.BecomeALivingGod.com/DanteAbiel>

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